The RING

EXECUTIVE OFFICES:
91 Seventh Ave.
New York City, N. Y.
Telephone Watkins 6382

OCTOBER, 1925

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Vol. 4 No. 9

The RING

World's Foremost *Boxing Magazine*

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Copyright, 1925
OCTOBER, 1925

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

Published Monthly
Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382
NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor **A. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary and Treasurer**
For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

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Associate Editors: Francis Albertanti, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, and "DANIEL"
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana

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THESE DAYS ARE GONE FOR EVER

The above sketch shows the "elite" catering to John C. Heenan, the Benecia boy, at "Bloomers" of Buffalo, after his fight with John Morrisey, October 20, 1858, at Long Point, Canada. This type of fight fan no longer is in existence.

Jim Corbett Doubts If Jack Dempsey Will Defend His Title Again

By DANIEL

THE interview with James J. Corbett printed in this issue is the first of a series of three talks with the former heavyweight champion,—talks in which Gentleman Jim has discussed the entire boxing situation with Daniel. The second interview will appear in the next issue of The Ring. Watch for it as the talk will divulge some most interesting facts and views. Read what Corbett thinks of Jimmy Slattery, what he thinks of the modern ring handlers—what he thinks of Young Stribling, Jimmy Maloney, Dave Shade, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney. Don't miss the next two issues of The Ring.

"WHAT do you think of the heavyweight situation?" we asked Jim Corbett, former champion in that class, the other day. We sat in the grill room of the Lambs Club in New York, talking about this, that and the other thing in boxing in between a thousand interruptions. There was no denying the popularity of Gentleman Jim. We wondered how many of our financial wizards of the future, often holding the heavyweight title, will have the respect and admiration which are Corbett's, no matter where he goes. Jim bewails the fact that in so far as money is concerned in the ring he came about twenty-five or thirty years too soon. But Corbett wants for nothing, and he boasts a possession the value of which cannot be estimated in terms of dollars and cents.

"What do I think of the heavyweights?" chuckled Corbett after he had exchanged greetings with Fred Stone. "Well, I think the situation is not exactly flattering to the game. We have a champion who does not want to fight and is making injudicious statements. We have two outstanding contenders in Harry Wills and Gene Tunney but it is a question how much contention they could furnish. It may very well be that the next heavyweight champion has not yet hurled himself over the boxing horizon."

"You know, we have been unfortunate with our heavyweights," went on Corbett. "The big men who could box and punch, have disappointed us because they lacked fighting qualities,—heart, aggressiveness, combativeness, —or a glass jaw. We have had to look to the smaller men and this has helped no little to muddle the situation. Bombardier Wells of England was a wonder,—as long as he wasn't poked on his delicate chin.

"TOM COWLER was a better boxer than Dempsey and could hit just as hard but he had no cardiac equipment for a fighter. He quit even when he was winning.

"And was there ever a better looking championship prospect than Fred Fulton? Have you ever seen a huge man who was quicker? He could hit, too. But Fred,—and I am telling no secrets,—had the heart of a rabbit. It was a pity he could not subdue his inferiority complex, I think they call it.

Jim Corbett as he looks today.

"Out of this mess of glass jaws and lack of fighting instinct there developed a situation made to order for a man like Dempsey, who is a game, courageous fighting machine even if he is no boxing marvel. Now we find Dempsey in his shell and the same old conditions which existed before he won the title reigning again.

"Wills is a comparatively old man, beyond the age at which fighters usually aspire to win the heavyweight title for the first time. I was older than Wills when I sought to regain my championship but I was much younger when I knocked out John L. Sullivan.

"WILLS faces many handicaps in his search for the championship,—years, ambition dulled by rebuffs,—lack of real competition, bad hands and, above every thing else,—Jack Dempsey's unwillingness to fight. I do not know just what is in Dempsey's mind. He is a vascillating young man of varying moods. But it is my firm conviction that Dempsey does not intend to defend the title again.

"Dempsey will regret it greatly if he drops Jack Kearns. That is if Dempsey really intends to fight again. Dempsey needs a manager. He has shown that with the utterly foolish moves he has made since his return from Europe. He has mishandled his business.

"Suppose Dempsey has determined to fight again; but not until his contract with Kearns runs out. I hear that this intention is in Jack's mind. Well, then, why didn't Dempsey announce his retirement? That's the prerogative of a champion. This announcement would have forced Wills to meet Tunney and would have created new interest and involved new blood in the competition.

"IF, after his contract with Kearns had expired, Dempsey felt that he wanted his title back, he could announce his return to the ring

(*Continued on page* 32)

Willie Ritchie Couldn't Forget His Face in Fight with Leonard in Newark Armory

By R. A. McNALLY

"I OFTEN wonder what I would have done against Benny Leonard in that Newark armory if I hadn't been married just before that and hadn't been so much afraid of getting my face messed up?" mused Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion, the other day.

"I hated to think of returning to my wife with my features battered," went on Ritchie. "We were on our honeymoon, and I was thinking of Mrs. Ritchie all the time.

That killed my fight—and I had to take a technical knockout."

Don't get the idea that Willie regrets the fact that he was married for that is farthest from the truth or that he advises against a fighter joining the ranks of wedded bliss.

Willie is merely citing his own case; the psychological factor resulting from marriage that lessened confidence in himself and therefore detracted from his fighting ability.

Dempsey Yet in Honeymoon

Jack Dempsey is yet in the honeymoon stage of marriage. Jack, too, intends to fight again. Ritchie's experience offers an angle to fistic followers who will probably speculate to the extent of numerous dollars when Dempsey meets Harry Wills.

Ritchie fought Leonard a four-round exhibition at San Francisco at a benefit show in February, 1919. Boxing critics held that Ritchie made the better showing.

The following month Ritchie took unto himself a bride. They went to New York on their honeymoon. Marriage had brought a different outlook into Ritchie's life. He had decided to quit the ring entirely.

But when he got back to New York a promoter dug him up and offered him $5,000 to fight Leonard.

"You got me all wrong," Ritchie informed the promoter. "I'm through fighting. I'm on my honeymoon."

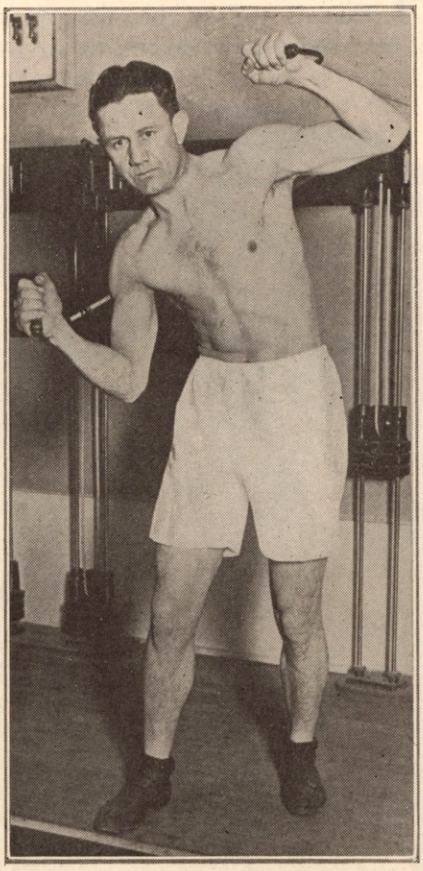
But the promoter would not be denied. He came back the next day and raised the ante to $7,500.

Again Ritchie told him he was not interested.

Lured By $10,000 Offer

Two days later the promoter was once more at Ritchie's heels. He offered him $10,000.

"Again I told him no," declared Ritchie. "But later I got to talking



Willie Ritchie

it over with the wife. Believe me the $10,000 looked mighty big. I wanted to go into business and that sum would be a nice stake for me. Mrs. Ritchie agreed that it was worth going after. So I hunted up the promoter and told him I'd accept the bout.

"Of course, I thought, I was as good as when I fought Leonard in San Francisco. I trained hard enough for the bout and physically was in splendid condition.

"In the first round, Leonard popped me on the chin with a left hook. Down I went. I was dazed for a second. But that didn't worry me. I had taken many a stiff punch in my day.

"But here is what flabbergasted me. There filtered through my subconscious brain the thought:

"Willie, be careful. You've got a wife waiting for you after this fight. You don't want to go back to her all beaten, and battered and bruised.

"What a nice looking sight you'll be for a husband. Remember she's the sweetest woman in the world and she loves you. Just think how repulsive you will be if you are cut and bruised.

Not Hurt By Punch

"Can you imagine Willie Ritchie as a champion, entertaining the thought of being careful, of seeking to avoid punishment?

"You know that punch didn't hurt me in the sense of making me feel pain. Fighters grow inured to that. Their mental attitude prepares them to accept punches as a matter of course.

"So the punch didn't worry me. But I fought the idea of being careful. I knew I couldn't win if I kept thinking along that line.

"But try as I would the word 'Carcful' kept dinning itself into my brain, my subconscious brain, you understand. It mastered me.

Not the Same Fighter

"I wasn't the same fighter. That psychological factor lessened my efficiency 25 per cent. I just could not fight the way I wanted to. I was trying to avoid punishment rather than go in and mix it and rely on my punches to slow up Leonard. I can't explain just how it reacted on me, but I know it made me lose the fight.

"And I went home a beaten man. Leonard punished me so badly my seconds threw in the towel in the eighth round."

THE RING

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Munroe, of the Princess Pats

By JACK KOFOED

ONLY one man in the history of the prize ring was ever hurled into a million dollars by a knockout punch.

The wallop came from the terrible left fist of that emperor of all heavyweights, Jim Jeffries, and the fellow who recived it was Jack Munroe.

The latter had stood Jeffries off in a four-round bout and knocked him to his knees. So, the surly boilermaker entered the ring in a towering rage, determined to avenge the blot on his 'scutcheon.

He won the fight after forty-five seconds of the second round. Munroe was driven to the floor in a whirlwind of blows that came so fast that the spectators could hardly follow them.

Jack was a gamester, if one ever lived. He staggered to his feet just as the fatal tenth second was counted over him. Neither he nor Jeffries knew that the fight was over. He made a pitiful effort to put up his hands before his bleeding face, but the champion was on him like a huge tiger, smashing him with punch after punch until he fell to the floor unconscious.

Referee Graney tried to separate them, but was like a wisp of straw in a whirlwind. The giants were so intent on their ferocious game of destruction and defense that they paid no attention to him.

MUNROE was battered as few men have been. Three times in that first round he had been knocked down, and three times he clambered again to his feet.

It doesn't take any courage to be knocked down.

But the difference between a game man and a yellow one lies in getting up.

Munroe rose again and again to face the withering volley that was reducing his face to a pulp, and battering the vitality out of his great body.

Bleeding, crushed and humiliated, he sat in his corner when the fight was over, listening to the yells of the mob as they applauded his conqueror.

Munroe was crestfallen. His future seemed to him to have been scattered in the rosin dust which soon was to be swept from the ring.

Until he went down for the last time under the barrage of Jeffries' enormous fists the Butte miner had hopes of becoming the heavyweight champion of the world. The ease with which Jeffries knocked him out convinced him, that despite his victories over Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, Hank Griffen and other stars that the prize-ring was not his forte.

HE quit the game, and disappeared. That is to say, he disappeared so far as the newspapers were concerned. No one knew where he had gone. No one cared particularly. The papers have no use for a dead one—and Munroe was dead, pugilistically speaking.

Jack Munroe

He was a fine looking young giant, six feet one inch tall and bearing two hundred pounds of muscle on his great frame. His fair complexion, pink cheeks and almost white eyebrows gave him a singularly boyish appearance. His shoulders were wide and he was deep and broad at the chest and shoulders.

It was his hands, though, that attracted most attention. These were long and splendidly muscled, without a sign of the puffed kunckles so common among fighting men. They were the hands of an able, capable man.

The young giant quit the ring, and disappeared.

He went up into Ontario, a land of silver and gold. Only vague rumors of him drifted back to the haunts where he had been known. Once a Montreal report had him drowned.

Then he appeared in Toronto, well dressed, in perfect health. He was accepted in the most exclusive clubs. No longer was he "Jack Munroe, the prize-fighter." He was "Mr. John Munroe, the mining magnate."

He told something of his strike to a friend.

"When I quit the fighting game," he said, "I drifted out to the new country, and have made more money since then than all the fighters put together in the same time. Of course, I haven't taken it all out of the ground yet, but it is right there in sight, waiting.

"We refused $50,000 for our poorest claim not long ago, and my partners and I have eighteen claims, all carrying native silver and gold in shipping quantities from the grass roots.

"Two years ago that same spot was a wilderness. Today there are a dozen mines bragging ore, and a flourishing town about it. This new camp will make Cobalt look sick."

HIS adventure reads like that of a treasure trove.

Tommy Saville, a guide, had heard many Indian legends of gold and silver deposits in the wilderness. One tale told how a party of hunters that had penetrated the Matachewan River country, came back with their arrows tipped with silver.

The guide was intrigued. He started out with a partner, but the partner was drowned. Saville went back to his starting point, and there found Jack Munroe. They formed a new partnership, and started out again.

Then came their discovery of marvellous riches.

The mining camp grew into a hustling town called Elk City. Munroe, as popular there as he had been in the ring, was elected mayor. Here he was

something more than a fighter. He was a famous prospector, miner, hunter, pioneer—a handsome, husky millionaire.

The ring was definitely behind him. He had become a power in his section of Canada, a solid, substantial man of business.

Then war was declared in Europe. England entered the struggle, and called on her children in the Dominion, in Australia and New Zealand and Africa to come to her aid.

At the first cry Jack Munroe left his home, and rode as fast as a horse could carry him to Montreal, where he enlisted in the "Princess Pats"—the regiment named in honor of the Duke of Connaught's beautiful daughter, Princess Patricia.

There were 1,200 men who drilled and worked in Montreal before boarding the transport for the Western Front.

Of that 1,200 only six came back!

And one of them was Jack Munroe!

But the wasted, gaunt giant, who walked down the gangplank early in 1917, was a far different man than the pink-cheeked youngster who had bearded the unbeatable Jeffries in Butte years before.

His face was graven with the ineradicable lines that suffering almost beyond human endurance had marked there.

Jack Munroe, the prize-fighter, pioneer and millionaire miner, had come back home again.

And, if the old-time ring fans remember him as the man who fought Jim Jeffries, the soldiery of Canada recalls him as the giant who swung a woodsman's axe in the Canuck advance, and fought as the fabled warriors of the past have done.

NONE of his comrades are left alive to tell of how he came by his wound, and Munroe, himself, is no great talker. He did, however, write a letter from the hospital at Netley that recited the tale.

Munroe wrote to Bob Edgren, the great sports writer and athlete, with whom he had played professional football:

"Since seeing you, Bob, I have had all the thrills that this old planet can supply to human beings.

"Shooting the famous seven-mile Abittibi Rapids, where your oak paddles bend like bows to keep you from swamping, discovering now and then a gold mine; travelling where no human being ever trod before; to the battlefields, where human blood ran like rivulets, and I was among the last thirty-five of a battalion of 1,200 to drop, is some sensation.

"We had just left the Ypres front, where our regiment had been reduced to practically nothing, and where, to use the words of Sir John French, we had withstood the greatest bombardment in history—and won.

"In this war it is nothing to be on a front where bullets drop like hail, but where every known shell from a 17-inch to a whizz-bang comes over, is not any every-day occurrence.

"About 300,000 dropped around us that day, and a German expert said that no human being could live in such a fire. But he didn't know the Princess Pats.

"I had just been shifted from this section to Armentieres, and had been on the new front three days. Our snipers had built a place behind the firing line, which overlooked the Germans. It is a sniper's duty to peg away unobserved and never get pegged himself.

"I ARRIVED on the scene a little after daybreak, June 4, a bright, beautiful morning. The sun was still below the horizon; not a cloud could be seen. The everlasting spit-spit of the rifles drowned the songs of all the spring birds.

"Myself and my mate were looking through field glasses, trying to see something moving behind the German lines, and trying not to be noticed, when 'ssth,' it went near us. The 'ssth' was repeated several times, and then the German sniper registered an outer. The bullet hit me in the right chest about three inches below the top of the shoulder.

"There are fellows who can say they stopped a bullet. Not yours truly. It kept right on going, as if I wasn't there. It made a nasty opening in my back below the bottom of the shoulder-blade.

"It almost floored me, but I grabbed the ropes, as it were, and eased myself to the ground. The blood flowed in a stream out of the hole in my chest, just as if a hose under high pressure were punctured. It squirted over my comrade as he was getting the bandages ready, but he stuffed his finger into the hole, and stopped it.

"Then, he and others bandaged me up like experts. After an hour's rest I walked a mile back to the dressing station, where our field doctor redressed me. At ten o'clock that night an ambulance came up, and took me to a field hospital.

"The next day I was shifted to Belleisle. Then followed a slow, weary trip of three days to Boulogne in the broiling hot weather; a ten-hour run to Havre; a five-hour journey aboard ship to Southampton, and another train journey to Netley.

"I tossed about for six weeks, and took enough dope to kill every man in New York. For two months never without morphia! It is not an experience that a man wants more than once.

"I have what they call aneurism. My subclavian artery and some of the nerves of the right arm were severed. My right arm is useless. I cannot even move a finger. The continual pain, day and night! The wound has entirely healed over, but the nerves are still severed. I am told that the pain will continue until they are connected, which can be done by an operation after the subclavian stops itself."

LET it be said, here and now, that, as a pugilist, Jack Munroe was never really great. He was powerful and courageous, and had a terrific punch, but not really fast or clever. He was not a "killer" in the sense that Stanley Ketchel and Terry McGovern were.

However, it was his first fight with Jeffries that gained Munroe his greatest fame. He has told of it very interestingly.

"It was a good joke on Jeffries, the way I got mixed up in his plans," said Munroe. "I was working in the Anaconda mines in Butte, running a rock drill part of the time, and playing football with the Butte team when I heard that Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons were coming along. They had posters all over the town with offers in big type of $250 for any man who could stay four rounds against either of them and $100 for a man who was whipped before the limit.

"I didn't study much on the $250 proposition, but I needed some Christmas money, and I thought I'd gather in that hundred. So I went down to see Billy Guion about it. He said he'd fix me up all right, and I went back to work.

"When Jeff and Fitz came to Butte from Missoula, the former went to Guion, and asked about the men who had been picked to go against them.

"'I've got an awkward fellow for Fitz,' said Billy. 'Tell Bob to put him out in a couple of punches. He don't know much about boxing, and it will look bad if it goes more than a round!'

(*Continued on page* 26)

Frank Slavin, Broken in Health and Penniless, Begs to be Sent Back to Australia

By EDWARD MERRILL

OUT yonder at Vancouver, B. C., there sits a poor, broken old man who nurses his memories of the day when the wild acclaim of the crowd was his, when fistic glory and position were his proud possessions. And now, at the age of sixty-three, with his earnings gone and his health squandered, he sits and muses—and wonders whether it be his fault alone or whether the boxing public is heartless and forgetful.

The man at Vancouver is Frank Slavin, once the great Sydney Cornstalk, who fought Peter Jackson for the British heavyweight championship, who beat Jake Kilrain and sought battle with John L. Sullivan. A mere shadow is Slavin now, and how he begs to be sent back to his native Australia!

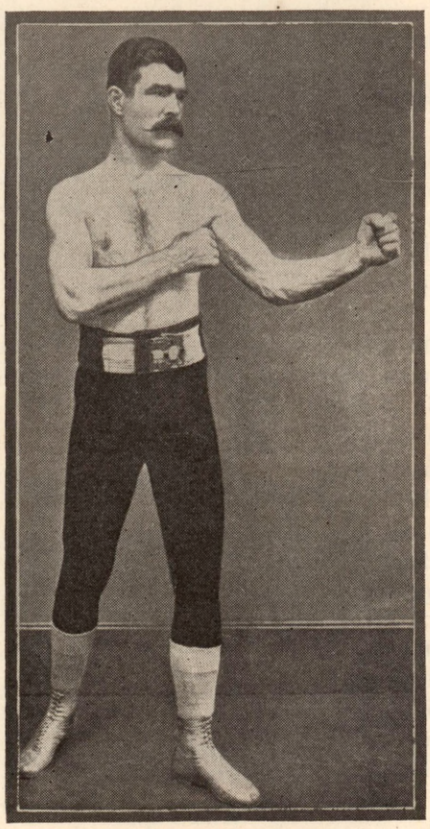
"If only the boxing followers of the United States and Canada, and my own Australians, too, will help send this old man back to New South Wales, where he can die amid those old familiar surroundings," pleads Slavin. Perhaps his prayer will be answered now.

ON several occasions funds have been started in Australia to help Slavin come home to Maitland, but not one of these efforts has been carried to a satisfactory conclusion. Slavin still sits and waits in Vancouver, gazing across the Pacific toward the Promised Land.

Slavin was the Jack Dempsey of his time, that is, in so far as style was concerned. He had to get his man early. He was born on January 5, 1862, at Maitland, New South Wales, and showed fistic prowess at an early age. In his prime he weighed about 185 pounds. He stood 6 feet 1½ inches in height and was a rip-tearing scrapper with cleverness as well as a punch.

Slavin attained considerable prominence in 1885 when he beat Martin Power in a bare knuckle fight, London Prize Ring rules. The battle lasted only thirteen minutes. Slavin then proceeded to beat Shanahan in two rounds and Jim Fogarty in three. When he knocked out Tom Burke, quite a celebrity over yonder, in four rounds and beat Prof. Babbs in two, Tom Taylor in two and Leo Bligh and S. Burke in one each the boys Down Under began to sit up and talk about another Peter Jackson.

SLAVIN developed rapidly so that in 1889 he was in a position to challenge Jem Smith for the championship of England. Jem, by the way, was the last title holder under the old London Prize Ring rules. They fought at Bruges, Belgium, on December 23, 1889, and it ended in a draw in nine rounds. Slavin gave Smith a beating and really was entitled to the side bet of $2,000 and the championship.



Frank Slavin

In 1891 Slavin came to New York and was matched with Jake Kilrain, who had been claiming the American championship but never had held, or ever did hold, that title.

Slavin and Kilrain had it out over at Hoboken, N. J. on June 16, 1891, and the "sports" who made the hazardous journey and ducked the police saw the Cornstalk give Jake an artistic lacing in nine rounds. In 1896 Slavin beat Kilrain again at Baltimore, in one round.

The high light in the career of Slavin came on May 20, 1892, when he fought Peter Jackson, the negro, for the heavyweight championship of Great Britain at the National Sporting Club in London. Jackson had gained recognition as the one and only contender for the championship but John L. Sullivan steadily refused to meet him. There is something of a counterpart in the Dempsey-Wills imbroglio.

At any rate, Jackson had fought his memorable sixty-one round draw with Jim Corbett in San Francisco in 1891 and stood out as a kingpin.

SLAVIN could not stand up against the withering fire of the big negro's attack. Slavin fought a clever and courageous battle but he was knocked out in ten rounds. And with that defeat his one chance went aglimmering.

Incidentally, that was the last bout in which Jackson figured until March 22, 1898, when, as a mere shell, he went forth against Jim Jeffries and was knocked out in four rounds. It was this victory that gave Jeffries a clear title to the world championship.

After his fight with Jackson Slavin returned to this country and after winning a couple of unimportant fights took a beating from Bob Armstrong in Philadelphia, in a six round go.

In 1897 Slavin drifted into the Klondyke. In 1907 he was knocked out by Nick Burley in two rounds at Victoria, B. C. and decided that he had gone far enough in the ring.

Now Frank Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk, sits at Vancouver and begs for $300 to take him back to Maitland.

As Kid Broad once said of the ring, "They ain't nothing into it!"

KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF!

Somebody has got you scared stiff. **Knock His Block Off!**

Somebody makes a fool out of you—bullies you—makes you the laughing stock of your friends. **Knock His Block Off!**

"Old Man Sickness" has laid you low. Or "Old Man Hard Luck," or Old Man "Down-in-the-Rut." **Knock HIS Block Off, Too!**

Right and left—at the office and factory—in your home—with the boys—you would be a better and happier man—if you only were able to "knock the block off" of the man or the thing that stands in your way. AND YOU CAN!

Men enroll in my course of personal physical instruction, because they want to "KNOCK SOMEBODY'S BLOCK OFF!"—either actually or figuratively.

They're learning How to Fight—not only with their fists—but the bigger tussle, the Battle of Life.

They're learning **HOW TO USE THEIR BODIES.**

They're getting PEP, PUNCH, PERSONALITY. It's all just a matter of having PHYSICAL VIGOR AND FITNESS.

You will always be the underdog—both in business and with your fellowmen—unless you fix up that body of yours with POWER and red-blooded HEALTH.

My unusual System of Promoting Physical Fitness is giving men new bodies for old. I am taking

run-down, pepless, forlorn men under my wing, studying their condition and instructing them by mail, at their own homes, all over the world, how to get the pink of physical perfection they are after.

Most of them are young and middle-aged men who were getting prematurely old until I took them in hand.

Many are studying my course to learn the MANLY ART OF BOXING and self-defense.

Many are getting BIGGER MUSCLES—huskier bodies—larger limbs—heavier necks, arms, chests—as a result of the scientific steps of development which I am pointing out to them. And many are forging ahead in business as a result of renewed pep and vitality, the singing, tingling body, which my physical culture course has given them.

My instruction is being proclaimed the world over as the only one of its kind—there is no other one like it. Because my situation is unique. I achieved the **Lightweight Championship of the World** as a result of first BUILDING BODILY PERFECTION FOR MYSELF. I discovered very unusual secrets in getting strength, muscle and health.

Remember—that I didn't always have the perfect body I now have—once I was skinny and weak. What I did with myself I can do for **YOU.**

It is impossible to tell you all about my methods, here. If you'll just send me your name and address on the little slip printed below, I will send you free of charge, my wonderful booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," which tells you just why you should enroll under my personal instruction. Let me send you this free booklet. Write for it NOW—THIS MINUTE. There is no obligation.

Benny Leonard

Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

123 W. 31st St., Dept. 10-O, N. Y. C.

BENNY LEONARD'S

HOME COURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING (AND BOXING)

WINNING HEALTH by BENNY LEONARD

LEAN living and hard hitting made Benny Leonard the lightweight champion and one of the most picturesque figures ever seen in the ring. He retired a few months ago—at his mother's request—but he retired undefeated, after a fighting career of thirteen years. He's still fighting efficiency. He follows the rules of health and hygiene and exercises with the same enthusiasm he displayed in his most strenuous training days. Every man who heeds his advice will profit and probably add years to his life. This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Leonard. Follow them daily in The Herald and Examiner.

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE died knowing what to do, how to conserve, when you may have done something that you should not do. That is little enough to expect of any one, I think.

If we are to get the credit for being intelligent creatures, for goodness' sake let us use intelligence in taking care of our bodies, which is surely a first consideration, or should be.

After years of struggle some of the more advanced communities have agreed to permit some physical culture to be devoted to the physical education of the body—a few minutes only, with music, it is true, but they will learn. With forward looking people the committees have advanced to the stage of giving a more reasonable amount of time given to this important subject, and a competent director in physical culture is engaged.

The clipping at the left shows how newspapers in leading cities are featuring Benny Leonard Health Talks in their daily columns. This one is from the Chicago-Herald-Examiner.

The man the world looks up to as physical culture authority is the man you should engage privately, as instructor.

267 N. Front St., Reading, Pa.

Dear Friend Benny:

Just a few lines to tell you that I am in great shape. My arms are getting as hard as stone and my whole body is the same. Besides, I can eat better -- eyes are bright -- bowels move every morning -- do just as you tell me about the baths and my skin is turning pink looking -- cheeks are getting red. I don't have any pains anywhere. I can jump right out of bed in the morning; before I was half dead.

Your physical culture is great. I wish every man and woman could go through your exercises. The fellows that work with me are all in about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there is no let-up to me at all. Heat doesn't bother me a bit. Sleep right through till morning, never got up during the night at all like I used to. Even the hair on my head is wavy and my tongue is red -- it used to be coated in the morning. The best of it is I can eat -- never used to in the morning -- used to feel half alive. I enjoy life more now. My kidneys and liver used to bother me a great deal and I used to take a lot of pills from a doctor, which made me worse. I haven't taken any medicine since I took your physical culture.

Well Benny, I think I said about enough. Wishing you the best of luck, I am

Yours truly,

Geo A. Wagner

My morning mail is filled with hundreds of letters like this; sent to me, unsolicited, by pupils who are marveling at what benefits my lessons are bringing them. Ask me to show you more.

SEND THIS COUPON AT ONCE FOR MY FREE BOOKLET, "Now I Can Tell You." No obligation.

Benny Leonard

123 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

BENNY LEONARD,
Dept. 10-O, 123 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," which describes your home course of teaching physical fitness by mail, in which I am interested. I enclose 10c (postage or coin) to cover mailing, etc. This places me under no obligation.

I am interested particularly in the following, marked X—

Boxing Instruction ☐	Reducing Weight ☐
General Physical Fitness ☐	Better Health ☐
Big Muscles ☐	Constipation ☐
Getting a Better Job ☐	Rheumatism ☐
Increased Pay In My Present Job ☐	Rupture ☐
Gaining Weight ☐	Short Wind ☐
	Nervousness ☐
	Pimples ☐

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Age .....

New York's East Side Gives World Another Fistic Sensation in Ruby Goldstein

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

HAD Sid Terris, leading New York lightweight, faltered at the outset of his boxing career, another embryo champion would never have been heard of.

Sid's triumphs encouraged Ruby Goldstein, his school chum, to take up the manly art. They both were members of the same East Side basketball and track teams and attended the same school.

Pugilistically, Ruby and Sid are to New York's East Side what Governor "Al" Smith and Senator "Jimmy" Walker are politically. The early struggles of the quartet to reach the dizzy heights of their professions would make ideal plots for an Horatio Alger.

While Terris is punching his way to the top rung of the lightweight ladder, Ruby continues to surmount many obstacles in the path to the junior lightweight championship.

The time is not far distant when the famous Ghetto, melting pot of fistiana's future greats, will have cause to rejoice in the coronation of two more titleholders.

Both youngsters took a leaf out of Benny Leonard's book. Terris made copious notes of Benny's style, and Goldstein, in turn, watched Sid like a hawk in his gymnasium workouts.

ALTHOUGH he has been fighting professionally less than ten months, Goldstein has accomplished a record of achievements that easily surpasses the early ring endeavors of such famous predecessors as Leach Cross and Leonard, and his classmate Terris.

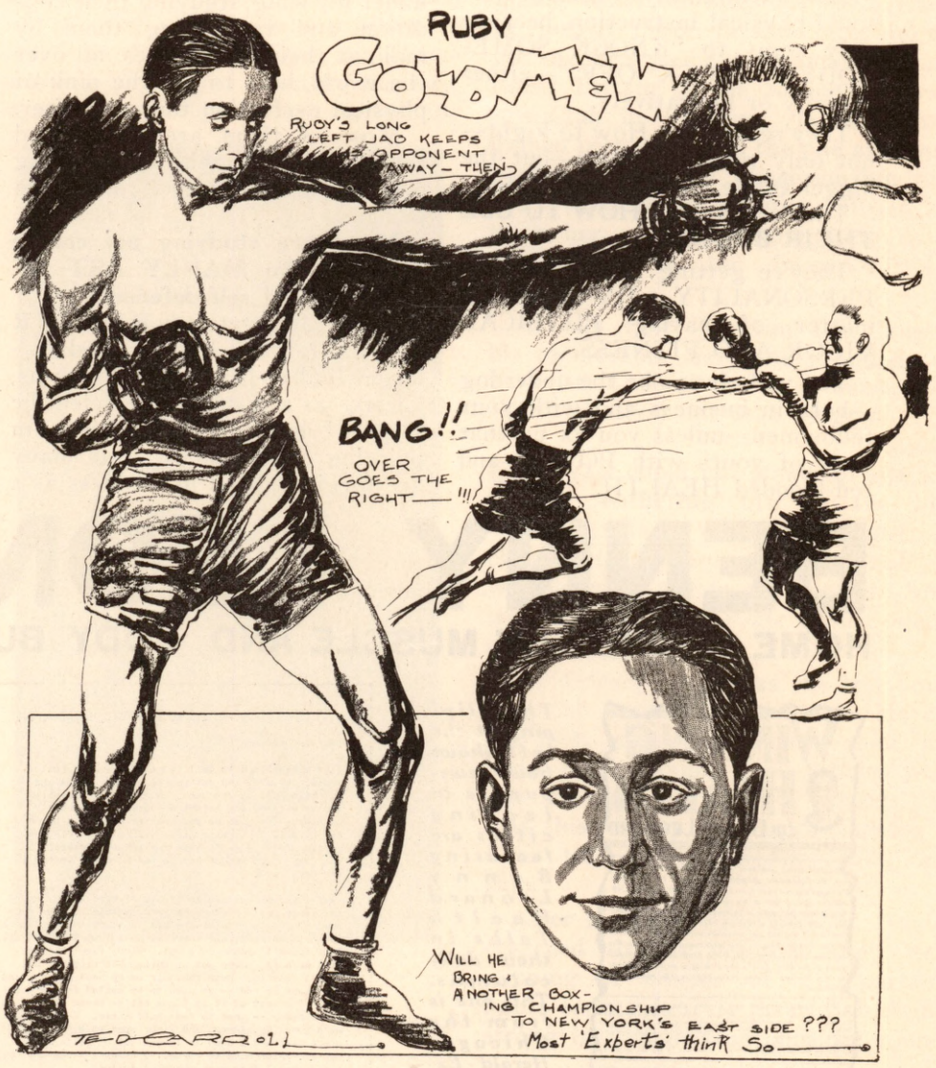
Goldstein is twenty years old but he doesn't look a day older than seventeen. He is a baby Valentino, about as good looking a scrapper as we have seen in twenty-five years. He hasn't a mark to show for some rough, tough fights he has fought.

Goldstein can always point with pride to his remarkable beginning. His compilation of thirteen straight victories on big time, scoring six by knockouts, added to twenty-one successive triumphs as a simon pure, flattening fifteen, is a feat that may never be surpassed.

He celebrated his entrance into the money ranks on December 31, 1924, at the old Pioneer club, where he "kayoed" Al Vano in one round. It was in the same ring that Stanley Ketchel bowled over Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and the late Jem Driscoll boxed rings around Abie Attell back in 1909 when Ruby was in his swaddling clothes.

Two punches knocked the skids from under Eppy's legs in short order. Herron gave him a hard fight but the youngster was fighting under a severe handicap. He battered Harry from pillar to post only in spots because he had water on one of his knuckles. The 20,000 spectators cheered him to the echo when he came from behind to whip Malone on the occasion of the titular duel between Charley (Phil) Rosenberg and Eddie Shea.

IN more ways than one Goldstein reminds old-timers of the scientific Joe Gans. He has many of the negro's traits—cute, cool, calculating sharpshooter, fast puncher, clever and a Will o' the Wisp, gliding in and out of danger.



His combination left jab and hook is a treat for the eye. When he masters the art of countering he will become near nigh invincible. The latter was Joe's best stock in trade.

And he is only a kid!

Of course, there are a few more things he must learn. He is an adept pupil.

Most of the experts want to see him

under fire. They will get that opportunity just as soon as Mike Ballerino, 130-pound titleholder, consents to give him a chance. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, or words to that general effect.

It looks like it's in the cards for the development of one of the headiest, craftiest and hardest hitting lightweights since the halcyon days of the great Gans. A mouthful, true, but it goes nevertheless.

It is safe to say that in another year Goldstein will be a full-fledged 135-pounder. He is growing by the second. In 1927 he will be ready to tackle the leading welters.

Ruby's ambition is to occupy a niche in the fistic Hall of Fame alongside of undefeated Leonard. He has a hard road to traverse; our advice is that he be driven to the last inch, not petted and glorified as was the case after his last two or three victories. Fighting is a business. A champion today is worth his price in gold.

The remainder of his string of wins in chronological order follows:

	Rounds
Eddie Market, Pioneer, K.O.	1
Irving Shapiro, Pioneer, K.O.	3
Joe Eppy, Lenox, K.O.	3
Harry Herron, Pioneer, K.O.	1
Augie Pisano, Manhattan, Won.	6
Harry Nelson, Manhattan, K.O.	1
Spencer Gardner, Manhattan, Won.	6
Frankie Albano, Queensboro, K.O.	1
Freddy Jacks, Coney Island, Won.	6
Earl Gray, Queensboro, K.O.	4
Joe Malone, Velodrome, Won.	6
Jackie Coburn, Coney Island, Won.	6

GOLDSTEIN is a natural hitter. Like Fidel La Barba, who shocked the Tin Ear fraternity by dethroning Frankie Genaro as king of the flyweight division, Ruby is a sure shot with the left hand. His greatest asset, however, is a knockout blow concealed in a left jab. This is the punch he has laid low most of his opponents with. He can also use a combination straight left and hook to body and jaw, the blows that blazed the way for La Barbara's decisive victory. Ruby is the first fighter in a decade that can put a man to sleep with a left jab! The last man we saw use a similar wallop with telling effect was big Jim Jeffries.

The first time we saw Ruby in action was the night he tackled Albano. Frankie's manager chaperoned us to the Queensboro Stadium. "If my kid beats Goldstein I wish you would give him a good write-up," was his request.

THE first sight that greeted our eyes after being seated in the press row was a barrage of left hooks unloosened by little Goldstein. Just as we started to jot down some notes, Ruby shot a wicked left jab to the face. The blow stunned Albano. It was the beginning of the end. In a flash Goldie hooked the same punch to the body. It contained TNT. Albano doubled up and his mouth opened as wide as a gate. Before he could catch his breath Ruby crossed a terrific right to the chin.

Albano fell as if shot. His face was buried deep in resin dust. It was one of the cleanest k.o.'s ever seen. About a minute and a quarter of the first round elapsed and the battle was over. The referee could have counted 500 over the prostrate body. Albano was a pitiful sight.

Incidentally, this was the first time in Albano's short but brilliant career that he was forced to taste the dregs of defeat. It broke Frankie's heart.

GOLDSTEIN, modest in the extreme, gives all the credit for his rapid rise to Hyman Cantor, instructor at the Educational Alliance. They are like father and son. Hymie has developed more good fighters than he has hair on his noble dome. Teaching the manly art to youngsters is second nature to him. He is all wrapped up in his work. Among some of the best known he helped to bring to the front included Benny Valger, the Beecher brothers, Willie and Charlie; Marty Summers, Leach Cross, Abie Friedman, Al Schumacher and Joe Tiplitz.

Ruby was born and raised at No. 158 Broome Street, one of four children reared by Mrs. Anna Goldstein. His father died when he was two years old. He graduated from P. S. No. 147, at Gouverneur and East Broadway, but immediate need of financial help killed whatever prospects the youngster had of entering college.

So he did the next best thing and went to work as an office boy with a silk concern. He was made assistant credit man much to the delight of his mother.

In the meanwhile Terris had begun to chalk up victories and gather in large chunks of the coin of the realm. Ruby used to manage to get in at the old Garden and wherever else Sid fought to get a peek. He was Terris's best rooter.

IN the early part of 1923 it dawned on Goldstein to take a whirl with the padded mittens. On February 23, that year, he made his debut in the amateurs.

Before he made his first move he consulted Cantor. Ruby was extremely tall for his 108 pounds. Hymie wouldn't take him seriously. "Go out in the country and come back to me in three months," Cantor told him, figuring that he would not return.

Sure enough, at the appointed time, Ruby walked in the Alliance gymnasium and presented Cantor with two books of classical reading. "There's a studious kid," Hymie thought. "I'll give him a chance."

Goldstein got off to a great start, stopping his first five opponents. He gradually put on weight so that in six months he scaled 118. Because of his love for sandwiches, his pals labelled him the "delicatessen kid."

Among some of the best he whipped on small time were Harry Mills, Patsy Ruffolo, Johnny Green for the New Jersey State title; Charles Singwald, Phil Citron, four times; Harry Fox, Frank Rosen, Murray Fuchs, Jimmy Rose, twice, and Al Zolessi.

When Cantor decided to turn him "pro," Goldstein was a legitimate featherweight. He could easily make 126 pounds. Today he scales 129 to 130. Before the Valdo match, Hymie took him to the Garden gymnasium where such cracks as Bud Taylor, Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, Babe Herman, Jose Lombardo and Earl Baird trained for impending matches. "See those fellows," Hymie whispered in Ruby's left ear. "They're not much. You can lick 'em all."

THE first man he threw him in with was the elastic, experienced Taylor. To the consternation of the hangers-on Ruby punched him all over the place. In the interim, waiting for a license, Cantor's diamond in the rough entertained the boys in the afternoons. He matched wits, speed and punch with the big timers.

In school he played on the same junior basketball team with Terris. His position was left guard. "For the second consecutive year the juniors carried off the championship while the seniors took second place," Goldie proudly showed us an old clipping.

Ruby says he used to run 100 yards in 10 2-5 seconds, and he could high jump and hurdle with the best of them. He made the junior All-Scholastic team. He showed us a bunch of medals and watches received from his successful amateur competition.

CANTOR believes Goldstein is ready to tackle the topnotchers. He is anxious to match the youth with the ancient Johnny Dundee. A promoter in Jersey wants the match. Dundee demands a small fortune.

If Dundee refuses to come to terms, Cantor will be glad to throw in Ruby against Tony Vaccarelli, Lew Hurley and Bud Dmepsey. Goldstein fears none in his class. The harder they come the better this classy little fighter likes it.

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Feature Service

Gans Was Thoroughly Feared

WE have never had a lightweight champion who was feared by men in his class as Joe Gans, the Old Master, was.

Joe was as easy going and as nice a young man as you'd meet in a year's travel. He was never fresh, never boastful, never loud, but always shy, backward, and willing to YES you on any argument, but my, oh my, how the boys feared him.

When Packey McFarland was strutting around as the greatest ever you couldn't get a peep out of him when you mentioned the name of Gans.

The writer had McFarland and Gans up on the Evening Journal building roof one day posing for pictures and Joe very obligingly sat on the floor while McFarland posed above him in the role of a winner. THAT was as near as McFarland ever got to facing the Old Master.

Many another lightweight in his prime stayed out of certain cities that Gans happened to be in.

Gans was forced to meet such dangerous welters as Jack Blackburn and Joe Walcott when men of his own class ducked him.

* * *

Famous Sparring Partners

SOME boxers are too proud to become sparring partners of champions, fearing that the fielding position will lower them in the estimation of the boxing public.

We can name any number of famous boxers today who were in their time sparring partners for others, while they were still in the kindergarten class.

Benny Leonard was a sparring partner for Willie Ritchie, who at that time was lightweight champion.

Jack Johnson acted as sparring partner for both Joe Walcott and Kid Carter.

Jimmy Britt was a sparring partner for Terry McGovern at one time.

Willie Ritchie was sparring partner for Packey McFarland.

Jim Jeffries was just a punching bag for Jim Corbett at Carson City when Pompadour Jim was training for Fitz.

Gus Ruhlin was another who took 'em on the chin from Corbett.

Gunboat Smith was a sparring partner for Jack Johnson.

Harry Wills, who is now the most feared heavy in the world, acted as sparring partner for Jack Johnson.

Jim Corbett helped out Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, when the latter was shy of shock absorbers while getting in shape for one big battle.

Packey McFarland and Joe Gans posing in knockout scene.

There are any number of famous boxers who have helped and then made good themselves.

* * *

Great Fighters Are Rare

IF you look over the list of great fighters you will find few who rank as great stars in the last twenty-five or thirty years. Every year the baseball diamond produces at least one new star. In tennis, running and other forms of sport great men come forward much oftener than in the fight game.

In the past thirty years of boxing we have but a dozen or so real stars. They were Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Abe Attel, Johnny Kilbane, Jack Dempsey, Bat Nelson, Sam Langford, Jack Dillon, Mike Gibbons, Kid McCoy, Terry McGovern and a few others.

Now, think of the great men who faded out just before that time. Think of the tough road they traveled in order to be topnotchers. Those were the days when they fought finish fights, forty-five round fights, and in most cases used smaller gloves than are used today.

The list of stars who were in their prime twenty-five or more years ago include such names as: Sullivan, Jackson, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Slavin, Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil), Choynski Kelleher, Jim Hall, Joe Choyinski (pronounced ko-insky), Peter Maher, Joe Walcott, Mysterious Billy Smith, Tommy Tracey, Joe Gans, George Lavigne, Frank Erne, Dal Hawkins, Young Griffo, Jack McAuliffe, Tommy Ryan, George Dixon, Cal McCarthy, Tommy Warren, Ike Weir, Jim Barron, and Ben Jordan. This is a partial list, but it is an imposing array.

Can you imagine the top-notchers of today trying to get by in that company?

* * *

Australians Once World's Greatest

IN the last issue of The Ring, there was a mighty interesting article by my brother, Ike, on great Australian battlers. Ike, like other fight experts of this country, failed to mention the name of one of the greatest of the Antipodeans, Jim Barron. When they talk of the great Australian fighters who came to America in the early nineties the name of Jim Barron is seldom mentioned. They speak of Fitz, Jackson, Hall, Slavin, Creedon, Goddard, Dawson, Griffo, Murphy and others—but Barron is sort of forgotten—because he didn't linger long enough. He was as great as any of the others, and would have indoubtedly won a title or two here had he remained.

Before Barron came to this country at all he fought as a featherweight, battling the great Griffo to a draw in their first meeting, and stopping him in four rounds in their second fight. He also stopped Australia Billy Murphy in three rounds, which was some feat when you stop to consider that later on Murphy was the world's featherweight champion, and the only man that ever knocked out Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider.

(Continued on page 13)

Greatest Featherweight Bout I Ever Saw

By TOM M'CAREY

THE recent action of the New York State Boxing Commission in arranging for elimination featherweight and lightweight tournaments to find successors to Johnny Dundee and Benny Leonard respectively, recalls the famous battle between Abe Attell and Frankie Neil which I staged on the coast for the featherweight championship.

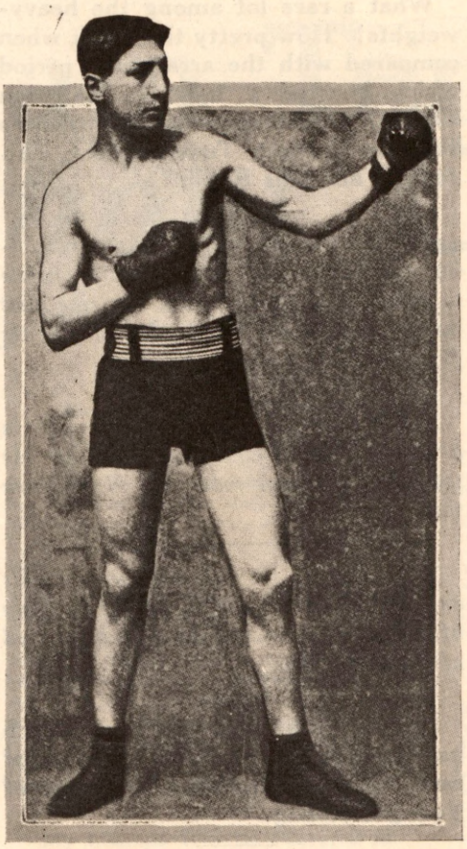
Young Corbett defended at 126 pounds Govern on November 28, 1901, the weight being 126 at 10 A. M. for an afternoon fight. At that time the feather limit was supposed to be 122 pounds, but the champions dictated weight to suit themselves. For example, Dixon won the title from Cal McCarthy at 115 pounds, defended at that weight up to 122, lost at 122 to Solly Smith, regained title at 122 from Dave Sullivan, who had won from Smith, and finally lost to McGovern at 118 dictated by Dixon.

Young Corbett defended at 126 pounds until 1904, when he went into the lightweight class. Abe Attell laid claim to the title and was generally conceded to be the champion. He was stopped in five rounds in 1904 by Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan at 122, and as Sullivan was backward in defense of the honors I decided to put Attell and Neil in the ring in a match advertised as for the title on July 4, 1906. Neil had won the bantam title from Forbes in 1903, and went to England in 1904 to be defeated by Joe Bowker, the English champion. Attell defeated Neil in their bout and on the Pacific Coast was hailed as the feather champion.

To be sure the five-round knockout by Tommy Sullivan still stood against Abe, but two years later, on April 30, 1908, Tommy Sullivan came out of his shell, met Attell in the ring and was stopped in four rounds. This victory cleared away all doubts as to Attell's title claim, and he defended the honors of the class up to January 18, 1912, when he lost the title to Kilbane on a close decision in a twenty-round bout.

This contest between Neil and Attell was one of the toughest battles ever staged in the featherweight class.

Attell, after considerable persuasion, decided he would reduce to within two pounds of Neil's weight and on the day of the battle he tipped the scales at 120 pounds, to 118 for Frankie. Had Attell not shown true sportsmanship on this occasion he could have weighed two pounds heavier or four more than his opponent—which would have meant a big handicap for Neil. When one considers the bitter feeling between Attell and Neil's father, I think Abe deserved a gold medal for reducing as he did. This bitter feeling was caused by professional jealousy, Neil's father being pretty sour on Attell for his popularity.



Abe Attell when he won featherweight title

NEIL had a style of his own that could not be fathomed by his rivals. He had a terrific left that no one seemed to be able to avoid and this made his bout with Attell so much more interesting.

Several things happened during this contest that I will never forget. One of them was that I stationed four policemen around the ring, so that I could place one alongside Frankie's father without his noticing why I did it.

I did this to protect his own boy more than anything else, because he was very excitable and I was afraid that they might start to jump into the ring if things got to going a little bad.

Every round of the contest was interesting clear up to the 18th, and in that round Abe was punishing Frankie considerably.

The old gentleman, while they were all watching the contest, reached over and rang the bell. This was about 12 or 15 seconds before time, and caused a great deal of excitement, but we could not do anything.

It all happened in a jiffy, and Abe did not want the championship on a technicality, so the battle went ahead.

THE next two rounds will never be repeated as long as boxing exists. Abe fought Frankie at his own style. In both rounds he backed him across the ring.

In the 20th round Abe had backed Frankie against the ropes as the gong sounded. The referee raised Abe's hand in the air as the winner.

The very first man across the ropes to congratulate Abe was a man who hadn't spoken to him in three years—Frankie Neil's father. This made a great hit with all the fans present, as it was a wonderful display of sportsmanship.

To prove that I was right in my judgment in selecting these two, Abe defended the belt for 12 years and finally lost it to Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland.

JUST AN EARFUL

(*Continued from page* 12)

When Barron came to America he was a full-fledged lightweight. The Sydney Referee has this to say about Barron's first American appearance:

"The one selected as his first opponent was a very warm member, a colored boxer named Bobby Dobbs, who, like all good men of color, was dodged by many of his white brothers. He was acknowledged champion of the world among the black race. American fans laid long odds on the darky, but, to their astonishment, Barron won by the short cut route in the second round. As Dobbs subsequently knocked out the famous English boxer, Dick Burge, it will be seen what a great achievement was Barron's."

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL

THE prize laugh in boxing of the past month was the opinion advanced by a member of the New York State Boxing Commission that since Fidel La Barba, the new flyweight champion, was not twenty-one years of age, his right to the title would not be recognized. In New York no boxer who is under twenty-one is permitted to go more than six rounds.

It is safe to say that this opinion regarding La Barba will not be upheld by the commissioner's colleagues. We do not uphold the twenty-one year rule for any of the classes but isn't it particularly asinine in the case of the flyweight division?

Does the august commission expect a boxer to remain a flyweight until he is too old to continue in the ring? Has the commission heard of boxers picking up weight with age?

The Case of Carpentier

GEORGES CARPENTIER began as a flyweight and went right on to a fight with Jack Dempsey. If Carpentier had been denied the right to hold a championship until he became of age he would have held no title of any sort until he was at his peak as a heavyweight.

The New York State Commission possesses broad and elastic powers. It's well and good to retain the twenty-one year rule so as to prevent undersized and half-baked youngsters from hurting themselves in long fights. But it can make exceptions.

One of the biggest jokes of recent years was Jimmy Slattery's enforced exclusion from bouts of more than six rounds in New York. Imagine a husky youngster like Slatery being held to the rule!

Here's a Tough Question

WHAT do you think is in Jack Dempsey's mind? Readers are urged to write letters of not more than ten words on one side of sweet-scented pink note paper giving their impressions of the situation in the heavyweight class. For the best use of dashes and asterisks we offer a prize of an antique photograph of old Harry Wills as he looked back in those days when he first challenged Dempsey.

What a rare lot among the heavyweights! How pretty they look when compared with the array of a period which boasted a fighting champion like Bob Fitzsimmons and contenders like Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries and Gus Ruhlin!

A champion who will not fight, a leading challenger who cannot get a chance to fight—and then a mess of tripe that might have been killed by Ketchel in his prime. What a pretty sight!

When there is a disputed decision in a championship fight close to the big town, is a return match in New York far behind?

The ways of the ballyhoo are devious and sometimes beyond the understanding of the boys who put up the bird seed at the box office.

Among the developments which have provided us with plenty of cacchinations is the celebrated tour of Young Stribling.

An Interesting Item

FIRST read this interesting bit of information:

"Tucson, Ariz., Aug. 22 (A. P.).—Mrs. W. L. ("Ma") Stribling, mother of Young Stribling, Georgia boxer, who is engaged in a barnstorming tour of the West, was injured early today when her automobile overturned. She was badly cut about the head and received treatment at a hospital here.

"Red Fitzsimmons, Stribling's training partner, the only other occupant of the machine, received minor cuts and bruises.

"Young Stribling continued on his journey to El Paso. His father and other members of the party remained with Mrs. Stribling."

Now the reader is asked to cast his eyes on this bit of even more interesting information:

"El Paso, Tex., Aug. (A. P.)—Young Stribling knocked out Red Fitzsimmons of San Francisco in the third round of a scheduled twelve round bout at Fort Bliss last night."

Do you digest the companion pieces carefully? And don't you hope fervently that Stribling did not hit Red Fitzsimmons too hard at Fort Bliss after that accident at Tucson? And don't you think that it's too bad that Young has to pick on sparring partners to get K.O.'s into his record?

And don't you hope most enthusiastically that the folks at Fort Bliss knew who Fitzsimmons was?

Gowdy Boxing Student

THE passing of Hank Gowdy from the Giants means that the major leagues have lost one of their closest students of boxing. Hank is a keen and most intelligent follower of the ring and his opinions had great weight among baseball players. Columbus is lucky in landing the sergeant.

The most violent boxing enthusiast in the big leagues is Earl Smith, the aggressive catcher of the Pirates. Earl says that he lost a chance to become a ring champion when he took to baseball. Still, he doesn't deny that Hot Springs lost its leading butcher and grocer when he left to become a catcher in the big show.

Incidentally, Jim Corbett perhaps was the greatest ball player among the boxing kings. Jim's brother Joe was a famous pitcher in the big leagues.

Will Jim Fool Us?

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned boxing critic who saw a coming champion in Jim Maloney?

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Isn't it time for another match between King Solomon and Romero Rejas?

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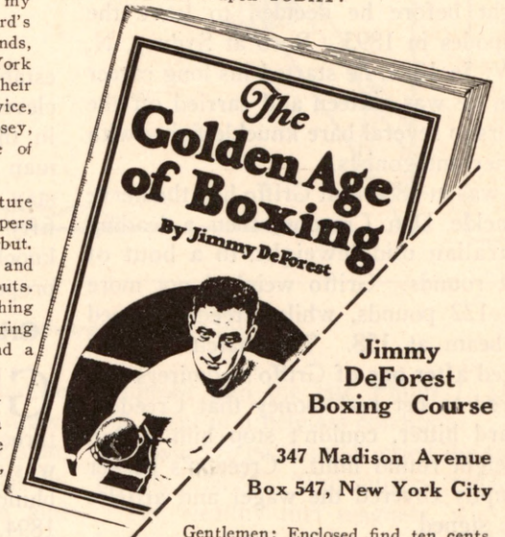

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Shadows of the Past—Young Griffo

By JOE VILA

Sports Editor of The Sun, New York City, and Famous Fight Expert

FEW characters in the history of the modern prize ring were more colorful than John L. Sullivan and Young Griffo.

While John L. has received columns upon columns in newspaper and magazine articles, with the exception of a yarn every now and then, the cleverest fighter that ever lived—Young Griffo—seems to be a forgotten figure. Were it not for the premature announcement recently of the death of this famous Australian battler, his name would probably not have been resurrected until the Grim Reaper arrived on the scene, but the publication of Griffo's untimely end and his subsequent denial of his death, have acted as a stimulus to those who cherish telling tales of the picturesque old timers.

It was my good fortune to have attended the greatest of Young Griffo's contests, and as an eyewitness to his wonderful cleverness, I can safely say that there has not been a boxer in the last thirty years who compared with the Australian in the art of ducking blows.

YOUNG GRIFFO, or Albert Griffiths, was the greatest boxer that ever came here from Australia. In fact, many old timers who saw some of his bouts in this country still insist that no cleverer fighter ever lived, not even James J. Corbett, the most scientific heavyweight champion in the history of the ring. Griffo began to win fame as a featherweight before he decided to leave the Antipodes in 1893. Born at Sydney, N. S. W., in 1871, he started his long career when he was sixteen and carried off the honors in several bare knuckle fights with heavier antagonists.

It was in 1888 that Griffo had the nerve to tackle Dan Creedon, then a leading Australian middleweight, in a bout of eight rounds. Griffo weighed not more than 122 pounds, while Creedon tipped the beam at 158. The match was arranged after one of Griffo's admirers had offered to bet real money that Creedon, a hard hitter, couldn't stop him within the eight round limit. Creedon's backer promptly covered the wager and articles were signed.

In spite of the weight handicap, Griffo's speed and wonderful defensive tactics carried him safely through the battle. Only once in the eight rounds was Creedon able to land a solid blow and that was a powerful right hand swing.

Creedon intended to reach the point of the jaw, but Griffo saw the big wallop coming and ducked to avoid it. Creedon's fist, however, landed squarely on Griffo's left ear, which swelled rapidly and later became a "cauliflower." Yet Griffo didn't lose his balance and was having a good laugh at the expense of his angry opponent when the final gong rang.

Several years later, when Griffo had established a worldwide reputation for cleverness by his remarkable exhibitions in this country, a well known sporting man offered to bet $10,000 that he could stay six rounds with Jim Corbett, at least fifty pounds heavier, without sustaining a knockdown. But Corbett ridiculed the proposition and turned it down.

Young Griffo

Griffo Suffered Only Three Defeats

GRIFFO took part in more than one hundred battles and suffered only three defeats. His first setback, which was said to have been due to the referee's blunder, occurred at Coney Island in 1894, when Jack McAuliffe was pronounced the winner at the end of ten rounds.

McAuliffe, then lightweight champion of the world and undefeated, was rapidly nearing the end of his reign. Griffo clearly outpointed him in a majority of the rounds and looked like a sure winner. But the referee, Maxey More, decided the other way. More said that he had kept track of the points with a "counter" in each hand. But the ringside observers felt sure that the referee had made an unfortunate error.

Griffo was only twenty-six when Adam Ryan beat him in three rounds, and two years later he was outpointed in eight rounds by the famous Joe Gans. The Australian marvel, by that time, was a physical wreck, the result of dissipation, and couldn't do himself justice. He was hog fat and prematurely gray.

Made a Great Record in Australia

Five drawn battles with Young Pluto, a negro; one with Australian Billy Murphy and another with Abe Willis were among Griffo's earliest encounters in the Antipodes. One of the draws with Pluto lasted seventy rounds. Subsequently, beginning in 1890, Griffo made a fine record, beating Willis, Murphy twice, Mick Ryan and Jerry Marshall twice. When he arrived in Chicago in 1893, therefore, he was hailed as the featherweight champion of Australia.

After boxing draws in the Windy City with Tommy White, Solly Smith and Johnny Van Heest, all topnotchers, Griffo came to this city in 1894 and boxed a three round exhibition with Kid Lavinge. Griffo wasn't a featherweight any more. for he scaled at 130. Real scrapping wasn't permitted here in those days, so that the mixup with Lavinge abounded in love taps, Griffo's science being greatly admired.

Visiting Boston later that year, Griffo whipped Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, in eight sensational rounds. The Australian was intoxicated the night before that affair, but a Turkish bath, a haircut and a shave put him in winning form. An eight round draw with Johnny Griffin, the Braintree lad, followed, Griffo getting a draw, after which he put it all over Billy Murphy, his fellow countryman, a bitter enemy, in twenty rounds.

THE Horton law, legalizing glove fights in New York State, went into effect in 1895 and Griffo then had an opportunity to prove that he was the cock of the walk. Although he lacked effective punching ability, he stood off the wonderful George Dixon, world featherweight champion at that time, in twenty rounds at Coney Island.

Horace Leeds of Atlantic City, a clever lightweight, was smothered by Griffo in

Keeping Wills in Suspense—By ED HUGHES

SHADOWS OF THE PAST—YOUNG GRIFFO (*Continued from page* 16)

a twelve round scrap at the Island two months after the Dixon bout. A draw of eight rounds with Jimmy Dime in Boston was followed by no decision bouts with "Bull" McCarthy, Jack Hanley and Jerome Quigley in Philadelphia.

After outpointing Eddie Curry, George Reynolds and Charley Barnett with comparative ease, Griffo was matched to box twenty rounds with Lavinge, then world lightweight champion, at Maspeth, L. I. Lavinge, a rushing slugger, couldn't break through the Australian's superb defense and the latter, with his rapidfire counters, did enough to deserve a draw, which was Referee Tim Hurst's decision.

Griffo spent his money as fast as he earned it. He trained very little and drank plenty of liquor. When nature put an end to his ring activity Griffo was a begger, still fond of the bright lights. Old friends staked him frequently on his promise to reform. But the Australian couldn't keep his word and soon was asking for quarters and dimes.

Broken in health and forgotten, Griffo stumbled into the late Philip J. Dwyer one night in a helpless condition.

"I want to go to bed!" cried the former boxing wizard. "I'm hungry, too!"

The wealthy turf magnate, who once had applauded Griffo from a ringside box, handed over a century note.

"If you'll go back to Australia," said Dwyer, "I'll pay your way!"

Griffo looked at the $100 bill a moment with staring eyes. Then he said, with a grin:

"Not just yet!"

Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes

(The first of a series of ten articles in which the author will quote interviews with America's greatest authorities on the subject)

By NAT FLEISCHER

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"IT is an indisputable fact that no animal is so much improved by training as man—none stands such long and severe preparation with advantage—none displays the difference between condition and its absence in so great a degree.

"But it is not only that man may be able to do certain feats of activity and strength that training is desirable, but that he may do them with pleasure to himself and even with advantage to his general health. This marks the grand principle which every man who values health should constantly keep in view, namely, that no one should attempt to compete in any contest requiring agility or strength unless he has had such a preparation as shall enable him to perform his task without feeling any ill effect from it."

These were the words of the great Billy Delaney, the famous trainer of James J. Corbett and James J. Jeffries, and they are as true today as they were twenty years ago.

For instance, the man in condition can go through a race or fight in which his whole powers are taxed to their utmost, and at the finish of it be fatigued with the exertion he has made, but will soon recover and could go the same excitement again without injury. On the other hand the man out of condition lies fainting or perhaps quite insensible for many minutes, or even still longer, and is only revived by stimulants to an extent which will not allow any further liberty to be taken with his naturally strong constitution.

The author of this series was a successful athlete in several branches of sport in his college days, and in addition studied physical education and taught it for three years. He knows from practical experience the value of a robust constitution and a well trained healthy body. Forced exercise is just as injurious to one's system as taking no exercise at all and the trouble with most athletes nowadays, whether they be in the fistic profession or in any other branch of athletic activity is that they fail to look upon their period of exercise as a pleasure period. They regard it rather as an arduous task. For such persons the net results of their exercise and physical training is nil.

Numberless are the instances of ruined health from the excessive drafts which have been made upon this valuable force, while a little care and abstinence would have prevented any such irreparable misfortune. To enable a man who is of sound constitution, but from mismanagement is out of health, to restore himself to such a state as will allow him to go into training without harm, is rather a difficult task in most cases. This not only requires some skill to know what to do, but also great self-command to avoid that which should not be done.

In the majority of instances the health has been impaired by excess of some kind, and in many, by every variety of excess which human ingenuity can suggest. The thoughts of exercise and vigorous outdoor work will most generally be acceptable to fast men in anticipation of a pugilistic encounter, a rowing match, pedestrian or any other similar contest, and an impending competition awakes them to the fact that training is necessary.

Temptations are then cast aside, and the rules laid down for training adhered to with the rigidity of an anchorite. His reply to all offers to drink or smoke then is, "No—that is bad training." Such, however, is not always the case, but it is true to a great extent, and more pluck is frequently shown in abstaining from temptation than in sustaining the prolonged efforts which a fight demands.

There are two kinds of excess which are the most likely to have produced such a state as I allude to, namely, excess in eating, drinking and hilarity, and excess in literary or other sedentary pursuits. Either will for a time entirely upset the stomach and in fact the whole system, and each will require a very different treatment in order to restore a man to a sound and strong physical condition.

These conditions will also vary very much, according to the rank in life, habits and the natural constitution of the individual.

For instance, a rich man's son, having been generously brought up, goes to the university and indulges in excess in wine, smoking, etc., at the same time taking strong exercise. For a time his strong constitution enables him to withstand the attacks of the poisonous doses of wine, especially of this period, and tobacco which he is taking, but soon his hand begins to shake, his appetite for solid food ceases, his eyes become dull, and his sleep is restless and unrefreshing.

Now, if in such a state as this an attempt is made to go into training, the consequence is the effects of either of the above indiscretions make their appearance in a short time. The stomach refuses to do its duty and the prescribed work cannot be performed owing to giddiness, faintness and sickness. With care and time this state of things can be remedied.

But take the case of a young man in lower rank, who has been brought up on spare and rigidly abstemious fare, and who from force of circumstances is suddenly allowed to indulge in all the temptations of a fast life. He has no other resource, no hunting, boating or athletic pastime, and in consequence bad whiskey and gin and tobacco commence the day, and tobacco and spirits wind up the night.

Such a man suddenly finds all his energies going, his mind sluggish, body weak, flesh flabby and bloated. In a happy moment he thinks to himself that he will take to some outdoor exercise or amusement and at once proceeds to the river or road. Well, what is the consequence? Why, instead of feeling better for his exercise, he is completely used up and likewise discouraged. And then he enters the ring against a well trained opponent and finds himself badly whipped if not permanently injured.

The effort also deters him from further trial. Much caution and careful treatment is required to bring a man, run down as I have described, back to athletic form and to get him into such a state of health fit for the exertions an oarsman in a college crew, a crack bicyclist, runner, walker or boxer has to put forth to be even fairly successful. It requires time and assiduous attention on his part and the part of his trainer, if he has one.

Total abstinence is not altogether required for a man to get the benefits of training. Indeed it is astonishing what quantities of intoxicating drink could be imbibed by the fighters in the bare knuckle days without injury because they

(*Continued on page* 24)

Boxing in Europe

By WILLIAM H. ("SPARROW") ROBERTSON

THE rising crop of French boxers appear to be very good, especially in the light divisions. There does not appear to be any of the class of Georges Carpentier, still the youngsters look like a very fair lot.

In the flyweight class there are three boys who should be able to hold their own in any company. They are Charlie Sauvage, Young Dumantel and M. Moracchini. For the bantams Charlie Ladeux who was a good boy a few years ago is now on the decline. Andre Routis, however, is a good successor to Ladeux, and he should be able to take care of the class for the next year at least.

In the featherweight class there is a good fighter in a newcomer named Kid Francis, and he is going to be heard from quite prominently during the coming season. There are several other little fellows who look very good and a prediction is that from now on the French boxers are going to attract much more attention in professional fighting circles than ever before.

Within the next few weeks boxing will be in full swing around Paris. The Gaumont Palace and the Cirque de Paris clubs will be run under the same management and it is the intention of the promoters to stage the best bouts possible between the boxers of Europe. There is little chance, however, of any American boxers being offered any inducements to box in France until the rate of exchange improves.

* * *

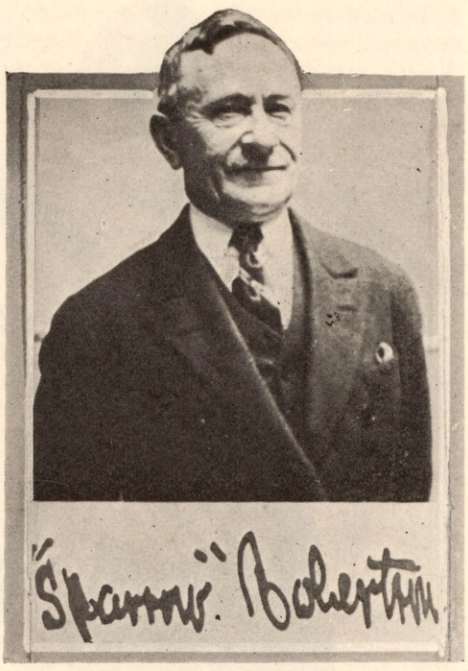
HOLLAND has a very fair middleweight boxer in a fellow named Piet Brand. His latest fight was against Billy Pritchard, of England, which was fought at the "Ring" in London It was a scheduled 15-rounder, but the best that the Englishman could do was to stay ten rounds with the Hollander.

* * *

E. J. Gadsden, the Midland counties of England amateur welterweight champion, has gone to Canada where he intends to settle down. He will stick to the boxing game and will no doubt be seen in the tournaments of the States and Canada. He is quite a clever fellow with the gloves and it takes a good one to best him.

* * *

The most popular fighter in England today and the best drawing card is the unbeaten flyweight, Teddy Baldock, who has won over one hundred contests. He met Frank Ash, who traveled 15 rounds with Pancho Villa, in a fifteen-round bout at the arena Premierland, London, recently, and he won the decision over the clever Plymouth lad after a very hard and clever contest which went the limit. The decision was a close one and the manager of Ash is asking for another match with a good sized side bet attached to it.



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A SYNDICATE of promoters will open up the fall and winter season of boxing in Paris with the contests being held at the Cirque de Paris and the Gaumont Palace. The Cirque seats about 8,000 and it is the most perfect boxing arena the writer has ever been in. There is not an obstruction to the view of the stage from any part of the hall and every seat is a good one.

The Gaumont Palace is not nearly as good a place to witness a fight as the Cirque. The ring there is set up on the regular theatre stage, and while it is all right for the ones close up it is far from being an ideal place for the holding of boxing bouts from an audience point of view.

* * *

Paolino Eskudun, better known as Paolino, the champion heavyweight of Spain, who is matched to meet Phil Scott, the best of the present crop of heavyweights, during September at San Sebastian. The Spanish champion is now under the management of General Descamps, who considers that he has the coming champion of the world in Paolino.

* * *

The Spaniard holds two championships, the other title being for wood chopping. Our friend Descamps has a lot of wooded land at his country home and since he has had Paolino under his wing part of the training has been cutting down trees and chopping them up.

* * *

AT a recent fight held at Brighton, England, which is near London, between Johnny Curley, the old featherweight champion of England, and the new champion, Joe Fox, a gang of ruffians after the referee had decared the fight a draw made a rush for the ring and on the way scattered the spectators right and left.

Punching bags were made out of the officials, press tables were upset and there was a regular riot going on when a big body of police entered the enclosure and they succeeded after some time in restoring some kind of order and taking care of the injured. The balance of the bouts were declared off and the chief of police has declared that no more permission will be given for the holding of boxing bouts in Brighton.

* * *

They are speaking very highly in England of Harry Corbett, the featherweight. In a recent fight he gave Johnny Cuthbert quite a boxing lesson in a bout which was fought at Premierland, London. What made the victory of Curley a most meritorious one is the fact that previous to the fight against Cuthbert, the latter had on two occasions recently defeated the former title holder, Johnny Curley

* * *

GENERAL DESCAMPS informs me that there is in Portugal a young giant who has all the makings of a coming world's heavyweight champion. His name is Camaroo. He stands 6 feet 4 inches and weighs 235 pounds in condition. He recently knocked out Marcel Nilles, the French

(*Continued on page* 21)

The One-Punch Knockout Stars

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

HISTORY has a way of repeating itself in the prize ring as in the bigger games of politics and war. There have been few men who were absolutely unique; who have never owned a counterpart. This premise works out surely in the case of the "killers"—the one punch knockout stars among the lightweighs.

The hardest hitter of his inches in the game today is George Chaney. This despite K. O. George's elimination from the lightweight tournament by Tommy O'Brien, who landed a wild swing on Chaney's jaw and put him out, and also George's recent one round K. O. at the hands of Danny Kramer in 49 seconds. These have no bearing on the case. Purely from the angle of hitting ability, Chaney still holds the upper hand of his class, as the heaviest hitter in the division.

Go back a matter of twenty years and you'll find that the hardest puncher of his day also never won a title. Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican, was the Knockout George Chaney of his day. It is interesting to draw a comparison between them.

Each lasted a long while in the bruising game of give and take. Herrera's span was ten years. Chaney has been battling for sixteen seasons, and is still one of the most dangerous of the crop. George knocked out one hundred men in approximately 180 bouts. Herrera dropped fifty out of eighty-five. Their percentages are pretty close.

The Mexican had two streaks of fourteen and eleven consecutive knockouts, and Chaney had one of fourteen. Not much to choose there.

George's most prominent knockout victims have been Phil Salvadore, Ray Mitchell, Earl France, Babe Picato, Cal Delaney, Packey Hommey, Pal Moore, Eddie O'Keefe, Phil McGovern and Young Britt.

Herrera's list includes Kid Broad, Eddie Santry, Benny Yanker, Young Corbett, Billy DeCoursey, Caesar Attell, Kid Abel and Jack Clifford—and on that count the score favors him.

AFTER all, this story doesn't intend to wander off into the statistical. It is a comparison of personalities rather than figures.

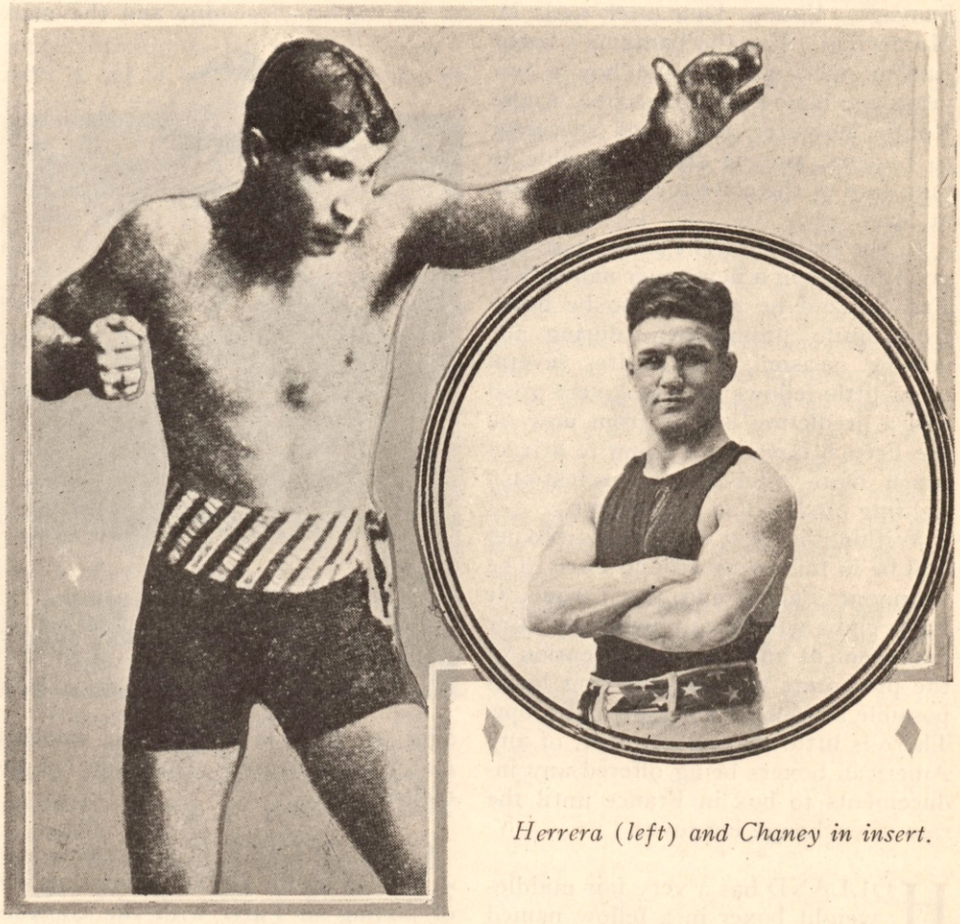
Neither man ever won a championship, yet each was the feared killer of his division. Few fighters cared to trade punches with either. Even the cleverest could not afford to relax his vigilance for a moment.

Chaney never has been a demon for absorbing punishment. He has a glass jaw and is sure to be counted out every time a hard swing jams on it. Yet, despite this glass jaw, he has suffered less than ten knockouts in a period of sixteen years of ring activity.

Young Britt, a great little hitter in his day, stopped Chaney when George was a youngster. Johnny Kilbane repeated the trick five years later, and Kilbane, though a cautious champion, was a great one. Lew Tendler and Joe Tiplitz each did it when Chaney was worn out by the pace of following the bright lights; when everyone had written finis to his career, and he was conceded to be all in. Then the Baltimore slugger returned to the paths of rectitude, and climbed higher than he had ever gone, until the wild swing of the beaten O'Brien connected with his button. And finally he suffered his last knockout at the hands of Danny Kramer only a few weeks ago, making only six during his long career.

This record proves that George is not so easy despite his glass jaw.

Herrera was stopped three times. Terry McGovern, a great "killer" in his day, won a technical knockout over him, though the Mexican, battered and wide-eyed under that great hitter's barrage of blows, was on his feet when the referee mercifully stopped the contest. Louie Long dropped him in four rounds at Anaconda, and Charley Neary turned the trick in seven toward the fag end of Aurelio's career.



Herrera (left) and Chaney in insert.

THE Mexican was a tougher nut than Chaney. That is to say, his resistance to punishment was higher. Both of them lacked somewhat in skill, but waded forward in the face of a rain of blows to get their punch home.

In the case of Chaney this was never better illustrated than in his bout with Ray Mitchell on Thanksgiving Day last year. I was one of the judges, and my record card showed that Mitchell won the first four rounds by enormously wide margins. Chaney's nose was broken, and pouring blood. His eyes were swelling, and he was taking as cruel and merciless a beating as was ever seen in the Arena.

But, with his shoulder hunched over his jaw, he kept beating his way in.

Hardly more than a minute of the fifth round had passed when he hooked a sharp right to Mitchell's head. It was high, but there was enough force behind it to stagger the tough Italian. Like a flash of light his terrible left went over, and Mitchell was out for ten minutes. Finishes like that have been quite common in Chaney's explosive life.

George's dynamite—the heaviest gun in his battery—lies in his left hand, though he can do cruel damage with his right as well.

Herrera, on the other hand, was a right-fisted killer.

Battling Nelson will tell you that the hardest hitter he ever faced was the black-eyed Mex from San Jose, and it will be remembered that the Battler met all the great wallopers of his time—Gans, Corbett, Britt, Canole, Hanlon.

In the very first round Herrera landed his pulverizing wallop flush on the Dane's jaw. Nelson turned a complete somersault, and landed on the back of his head. No one who saw the fight understands to this day how Nelson got to his feet. He did, and eventually beat Herrera but it was a close thing.

GANS punched himself tired on the Battler's steel plates. Jimmy Britt pounded away with everything he had, but couldn't shake Nelson off his feet. Yet Herrera hit that inhuman punching bag so hard that he actually knocked him head over heels.

The Mexican was one of the most marvelous physical freaks that ever entered the prize ring. He never gave a thought to training, though occasionally he did go through the motions to please his manager. Twenty big, black cigars a day was about his speed. He would go out for a ten-mile jog on the road with a cigar clamped between his teeth. He would even go to bed with one in his mouth.

Mescal and Scotch whiskey were principle items in his training diet. It may be that he did not average a quart a day, but he never went very far from it. Late hours and dissipation that would have ruined an average fighter in a year had no apparent effect on Aurelio Herrera. After ten years of it he was still capable of going at top speed for twenty rounds.

Chaney hit the high spots at one time, but he had the common sense to realize that he was simply being hurried along to oblivion. He cut it all out, and his fight back to fistic eminence and physical condition is the finest thing in his career.

Had Herrera been persuaded to forego his drinking and smoking and roistering about he might have set a new record for endurance in the ring.

Now, as to the question as to which was the harder hitter, there is no doubt Herrera was the better man.

Herrera was some two inches taller than Chaney, a bit loose and was lithe muscled. He had wonderful back and shoulder muscles, as big as you would find on most welterweights. The right was his killing weapon, and he was effective with it at long range, as well as in close.

CHANEY is short and thick set. His forearms and wrists are enormous for a man of his size. At long range he is not particularly effective. It is always his plan of battle to get in close and batter his opponent helpless with his terrible short arm punches.

Herrera was a better marksman. He often fired away for the pit of his rival's stomach, but in his entire career he never lost a bout on a foul. Chaney, on the other hand, has been disqualified half a dozen times because he undershot the mark while pelting away at the mid-section.

In marksmanship and versatility of attack Aurelio was unquestionably the better man. As I have said, it is also my conviction that in sheer dynamic power he was also the greater.

Chaney has knocked out more men than any other lightweight, and probably only John L. Sullivan, who dropped more than 160 in his tour of the provinces, can show a higher total. And, even the mighty John L.'s record must be toned down with the admission that there were many ordinary husky amateurs on his list.

But Herrera's percentage of knockouts were not only slightly more; he stopped incomparably greater fighters than Chaney has ever toppled over for the long count. It is the writer's opinion that Herrera was the hardest hitting lightweight of modern pugilism.

New Madison Square Garden Nears Completion

ALL that remains to complete the New Madison Square Garden, except for some interior work is the placing of the roof. Recently Tex Rickard laid the cornerstone. Tex wielded the trowel. A pivot stone was inserted in northeast corner of the building at Fiftieth street and Eighth avenue bearing the omen: "Dedicated to Athletics, Amusements and the Industrial Arts, A. D. 1925."

Among the mementos placed in the hollow of the corner stone is a picture of Jack Dempsey, a likeness of Texy himself, several boxing contracts, a bottle of ginger ale, miscellaneous coins, a one dollar bill and a Confederate dime contributed by Ike Dorgan.

Another corner of the box is usurped by engraved parchments bearing the names of the Garden's officers, directors and employes. The names of the officers listed are: George L. Rickard, president; William F. Carey, vice-president and treasurer; John S. Hammond, vice-president; F. E. Coultry, secretary; H. G. Delebar, controller, and John H. Dillon, assistant treasurer. On the board of directors are: John Ringling, chairman; George L. Rickard, Richard F. Hoyt, William F. Carey, Ernest Richards, John P. Maguire, Walter Camp, Kermit Roosevelt, John W. Allen, Charles Ringling and Matthew C. Brush.

The employes consist of Frank Flournoy, matchmaker; Ike Dorgan, publicity; Edwin Lee, auditor; Joseph Boynton and Benjamin Bennett, box office; Walter Fields and Julius Solvin, doormen; William Maney and Jack Wall, special officers, and Florence Briscoe and Peggy Wayrauch, stenographers.

BOXING IN EUROPE

(*Continued from page* 19)

heavyweight in the beginning of the third round of a scheduled twelve rounder.

* * *

During the coming fall and winter season, the London Sporting Club may try and find a real welterweight fighter. Since Ted "Kid" Lewis lost to Tommy Milligan, the latter has taken on a lot of weight and it is extremely doubtful if he can now make and be strong at the welter limit.

* * *

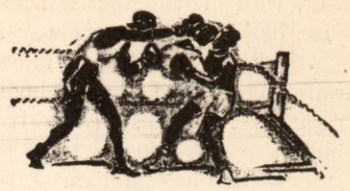
One of the latest nations to apply for membership in the International Boxing Union is Mexico. The officials of the I. B. U. are trying to have boxing controlled in a clean manner. The American Boxing Association is one of the affiliating bodies. It really seems too bad that the New York State Athletic Commission does not see its way to consolidate with the American Boxing Association. By so doing the game could be handled and controlled throughout the word as it should be.

As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Dempsey Loses Prestige

JACK DEMPSEY has fallen in the esteem of the public. From a champion who was looked upon with favor, he is losing the support of even his most ardent admirers through his ridiculous stand in the Wills case.

His popularity is waning. He no longer stands upon the pedestal he occupied as a result of his fistic feats in his battles with Jess Willard, Georges Carpentier and Luis Firpo.

It is difficult to understand the underlying reason for Dempsey's actions in re a fight with Harry Wills, his persistent negro challenger.

Jack still is the ruling power of the fistic realm.

He still stands as a statue of physical strength.

He still possesses the same punching power that brought him a fortune and a world's title.

Then why keep the public longer in suspense?

His "On Agin, Off Agin, Finnegan" attitude has soured the public to the extent that there is scarcely a lover of pugilism who is not rooting against him for his evasion of the Wills challenge.

* * *

Not the Dempsey of Old

DEMPSEY'S tactics are not those of the great Dempsey of a few years ago. The fearless Hercules who smothered Willard under an avalanche of blows, the young, powerful giant who rose in the space of a few years from a Rail Bumper to a monarch supreme, no longer commands the respect of his friends.

Dempsey should either fight Wills or retire. The public that has enabled him to cart away two million dollars during his fistic career is entitled to know definitely what he intends to do. The championship crown which Dempsey wears is not his. It is owned by the public and the sooner Dempsey realizes that, the better the fight fans will like it.

Fearlessness should not be part of a great fighter's makeup and we, as a personal friend of the champion, are loath to think that Dempsey fears Wills. We reiterate what we so often have said that in our humble opinion Dempsey is Wills' master and will beat the negro.

Let us call a halt to the ridiculous statements issued every twelve hours by Jack Dempsey. The fight fans are not in the least interested in his personal battle with his manager, Jack Kearns, but are greatly interested in the question:

ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT HARRY WILLS OR ARE YOU GOING TO RETIRE?

* * *

Battling Siki Deported

BATTLING SIKI'S deportation will aid boxing in this country. The Senegalese boxer goes back to France with few lovers of boxing mourning his loss here. True, Siki was one of the most colorful fighters that ever visited these shores, but his wild actions and his general repulsive behavior out of the ring reacted unfavorably on the fistic sport.

American boxing is better off without the colorful Siki.

Siki came here after admitting that he had agreed to a "frame-up" with Georges Carpentier, whom he later "double-crossed" and knocked out.

Fight promoters knew all about Siki, but were glad to offer him tempting inducements because has was a drawing power.

Siki, it was argued, had "color" other than the hue which distinguishes his carcass covering. Surely that was so, but it turned out to be "off-color."

So badly "off" that even those who were most desirous of having him here are now glad to witness his departure.

* * *

Meddlers at it Again!

AND still they're at it! The Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church is in high glee, for it has won a victory over the most powerful organization in America—the War Department.

This Board, which would deprive the citizens of this country of every form of amusement if its members had their way has entered a new field. Finding it could not check the progress of boxing in the various states of our Union, its members concentrated their attack on the Army camps, where boxing was staged, and succeeded in handing the sport a K. O. through an executive order which hereafter prohibits commandants at army cantonments from permitting the use of the reservation for boxing exhibitions in which any but a soldier member of the camp is a participant.

What harm there can be in having professional promoters arrange high class boxing shows at the camps and give the wearers of the khaki an opportunity to enjoy the sport during a period of relaxation from the arduous task of a soldier is beyond comprehension.

* * *

COMMENTING on the action of the War Department in checking these matches, the Methodist Board makes the astounding revelation:

"Boxing at Army camps and in our colleges and high schools is a growing evil. Where boxing is followed at the camps as a means of exercise we find no fault, but this Board condones the promotion of prize fights at camps where outsiders are the participants and the soldiers are the spectators.

"Intercollegiate boxing is also getting to be a serious evil," the board adds. "Already several institutions have been humiliated because some of their graduates have forgotten that they are suposed to be gentlemen and have entered professional prize fighting. So long as this brutality is licensed in Sates overwhelmed by immigrants the United States and our colleges should keep their skirts clear."

Just another wail from a group of meddlers who would have us eat, sleep and dress according to the one standard set by its members. How about keeping the skirts clean in their own organization?

How about the Andersons and others of these Law and Order Societies who have been in the legal limelight within the past year for offenses far greater than the participation of hardy athletes in fisticuffs?

The Ring stands as the sponsor for boxing. So long as the law is obeyed, so long as law abiding citizens enjoy the sport, just so long do we feel that the meddlers should be kept on the sidelines.

* * *

Jimmy Slattery of Age

A FIGHTER with a bright future, despite his recent knockout at the hands of Dave Shade, has become of age. We refer to Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo middleweight, who during his rapid rise to fistic fame was permitted to compete in only six round bouts in this state owing to the boxing commission's edict.

Now that Jimmy has turned twenty-one it remains to be seen how he can stand the pace in bouts of twelve and fifteen rounds duration. If he shows as well against the topnotchers at the greater distance as he did when he scored so sensationally as a six round fighter Jimmy may yet land on top in the light heavyweight, or even the heavyweight division.

Boxing and Higher Education

THE rise of Fidel La Barba to the flyweight championship will act as an incentive to boxing in the high schools of our country. Boxing, until a few years ago, was looked upon with disfavor in schools and colleges but now there is scarcely an institution of note in America where the sport is not part of the athletic curriculum.

Sully Montgomery represents the boxer graduate from the college ranks. The Center Collegian is very much in the fistic limelight. His recent knockout of Leo Gates, the Mohawk Indian, gives him considerable prestige in the heavyweight division. Sully started to study for the ministry, took up boxing as a sport, followed it with the same keenness he exhibited as a football star at Center College, and now finds himself among the topnotch talent in the division over which Jack Dempsey rules as king.

* * *

The Thrill of a Lifetime

ANOTHER heavyweight who is rapidly forging to the front, is King Solomon, the Syrian Jew. When the King flattened Jim Maloney of Boston with a belated punch at the end of the third round and was disqualified for his act, he performed a feat which automatically jumped him over the heads of half a dozen rivals among the "Big Uns."

Many years have elapsed since the writer saw a knockout and a disqualification such as in the Maloney-King Solomon bout. As Maloney lay unconscious from a vicious swing the Boston "White Hope" was awarded the decision over his Panama opponent on August 20. This paradox is explained by the fact that the referee ruled that King Solomon had fouled his Boston rival by letting loose the punch soporific several seconds after the gong had ended the round. Incidentally, Maloney was on the verge of a knockout when he received the wallop that sent him into dreamland.

A real thriller—such as comes only once in a lifetime!

* * *

The Kaplan-Herman Affair

WE are inclined to take a cool and dispassionate attitude in the aftermath of the featherweight championship battle in which Louis Kid Kaplan got the decision after fifteen more or less exciting rounds with Babe Herman at Waterbury, Conn., recently. Kaplan went into the ring weakened by an effort to make 126 pounds, and there was considerable talk to the effect that he really had not made that poundage. However, Boxing Commissioner Donohue of Connecticut, says that Kaplan did make the weight, and that settles it in so far as we are concerned.

Most of us who saw the fight felt that Herman was entitled to better than a draw, and the title. The referee, Jack Sheehan, of Boston, who was imported for the occasion by the constituted legal boxing authority of the sovereign state of Connecticut, announced that Kaplan had earned his draw by scoring fully as many points as Herman.

Sheehan, it seems, proved one of those old fashioned referees, who believes in the tradition that the champion is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. This tradition used to be very much alive in the old days. It was alive when George Siler refused to hand Jim Jeffries' title to Tom Sharkey after their furious twenty-five round battle at Coney Island. At the time there were howls of fraud, but time has vindicated poor Siler. Perhaps time will vindicate Sheehan.

Nothing, obviously, can be done about what happened at Waterbury. Herman cannot be awarded the title now. The scene is set for a return match in New York, where the interests of the challenger perhaps will be safeguarded more thoroughly than they were at Waterbury.

* * *

The Delaney-Loughran Bout Again

THE discussion concerning the Delaney-Loughran bout in Philadelphia is reopened through a letter from the Pennsylvania Commissioner who overruled the referee after he had given the fight to Delaney. He writes:

"Editor of THE RING:

"Upon reading your editorial on page 22 of your issue of September, 1925, in THE RING, I was very much surprised to note the ignorance and misrepresentation therein displayed. Beginning with the heading "A Referee is Overruled" you devote a column and a half of your valuable space to discourse upon a matter on which you seem woefully uninformed. If you had made the slightest attempt to get full and proper information, your literary ebullitions might have had a different complexion. Furthermore, you made the error therein of stating that I "voted to call the affair 'no contest'." On the contrary, that absurd and ridiculous stand was taken by Mr. Rocap. I knew what I was doing, why I did it, and that I had a right and authority under our laws and rulings, and that I was acting for the best interests of boxing and the public in reversing the decision.

"I am not at all disturbed over the effect upon me or the public's estimation of me resulting from your editorial, above referred to, on my action in the Delaney-Loughran bout, but I am pained to think that so apparently valuable a magazine as 'THE RING' should be made a laughing stock thereby.

"Very truly yours,

CHARLES FRED. WHITE."

We are glad to publish Mr. White's letter. He is entitled to his say. But we still hold to the opinion that it is a mistake for any Commission member to delegate unto himself the prerogatives of referee or accredited judge. If the officials in charge of the bout are incompetent, that is the fault of the Commission which appoints them.

If Mr. White had any outstanding reasons, as he says he had, for overruling the referee he should have made them public.

THE RING had no intention to injure Mr. White with the public. But it did desire to stand up for the principle that no Commission, however competent it may be, has any right to overrule accredited officials—unless the Commission knows that these officials are crooked.

If Mr. White knew of anything crooked in the Delaney-Loughran bout it should have been made public.

Tin Ear Alley Moves Its Headquarters

ON the heels of the demolition of old Madison Square Garden in New York City comes the ousting of Tin Ear Alley from its commodious quarters in the Putnam Building, on Broadway, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, the only building in the world occupied wholly by the boxing and theatrical fraternity. Beginning the middle of this month promoters, matchmakers, managers and their fighters will have to move bag and baggage.

There will never be another Tin Ear Alley like this one. It was the only place left on Broadway where one could spend his evenings and get a kick out of life. Jack Dempsey before he became champion used to run in and out of the building looking for the price of his next meal. Paddy Mullins, manager of Harry Wills, closed some of the biggest matches for the Brown Panther on the fourth floor.

It was here that the world's greatest fighters of the past twenty years have gathered to discuss the game. Champions, near champions and has-beens made the place their headquarters.

With the Boxers in Our Navy

By LIEUT. HEINIE MILLER
Editor, Our Navy

WHEN the Naval Academy's crack boxing team last year defeated the Penn State College boxers and thus upheld Navy's proud slogan "Undefeated in Four Years of Collegiate Boxing," Spike Webb, Navy's chubby and bald boxing coach put over a NEW ONE!

The Penn State maulers are coached by none other than Leo Houck, one time top-notch middleweight and opponent of Jack Dillon, Jimmy Clabby, George Chip, Frank Klaus, et al. Leo is a smart fellow. Spike Webb is no sap either.

When Spike and his seagoing troupe of knuckle dusters dropped anchor in Penn State's own back yard, Spikelets immediately looked over the battleground. He found the ring floor to be a rather slippery affair and, by some snooping and hawkshawing, ascertained that Houck's Penn Staters would strut their stuff in rubber soled shoes. The Navy was to do the skidding.

Spike asked Houck, "How about some resin."

"We've got all the resin you need," replied Leo.

Five minutes before the initial gong was scheduled to tinkle Leo chirpt, "Gosh, Spike, I forgot all about the resin but your boys can get by O. K. without it."

"No they won't," replied Navy's pugilistic mentor, "I've got a suitcase full of resin. Brought it up from Annapolis."

Then Spike proceeded to sprinkle the resin about the ring.

Houck, very much peeved, looked at Spike, then realizing that he had met his master in strategy, offered profuse apologies. Navy's boxers went after their opponents with a well planned attack and carried off the day's honors.

This is not the FIRST battle the U. S. Navy won by BEING PREPARED.

* * * * *

IN the bantamweight class Navy was represented by Middy Hayes, New Yorker, blonde and sometimes called "Snookums." Now this Snookums loved to fight. He grinned happiest when the going was roughest. But Snookums was up against a big boy in his Penn State opponent, a lad a head taller than the Middy bantam. Spike Webb, just before the bell, again used real Navy strategy. He soused Snookums with a liberal bottle of exceedingly strong cologne so that its aroma pervaded the corners and outlying sections of the gym.

When the gong rang, Snookums rubbed his highly perfumed blonde dome under the tall Penn Stater's nasal appendage and chirped:

"Take a snifter and likewise a snort of that."

A head soaked with cologne is not pleasant under a fighter's nose. At least the Penn State lad did not seem to thrive on it. Little Hayes won the decision and later, in the dressing rooms, the Penn Stater warbled.

"You laughed me out of that decision, Snookums."

"Always plan your battle so that victory is assured before you start," was Snookums' rejoinder. "The big idea is that Navy won the decision."

Willie Meehan, pudgy Frisco ring clown and war time sailorman, used to make good bouts at any time against the fighters who would carry the battle to him. Against clever, evasive boxers, however, Willie was not much. We recall when Wilyum stepped forth to do his stuff against clever Bob McAllister, of the Olympic Club. This was a ten rounder in Oakland, Cal.

For nine rounds McAllister played "The Maiden's Prayer" on Willie's ears. After the gong ended the ninth round and, as McAllister returned to his corner, Meehan remained in mid-ring throwing long punches at the overhead lights. His seconds rescued him. Louis Parente yelled:

"You big monkey, what are you hitting at those lights for?"

Willie replied: "I have just as much chance of hitting them as I have of hitting that guy."

THE RING OF LIFE

By ROBERT HAYWARD

LIFE is but a game of sport,
A man within a Ring;
Our victories won, we forge ahead
With thoughts that conquests bring.

BUT oft' we find in the "Ring of Life"
Defeats, two-fold or more,
We struggle on and fight our way
Through heart and body gore.

EACH man reflects a twinkstar,
If lost, it falls through space;
But Lo! there comes another star
To shine in memory's place.

WE block and punch our way through life,
The padded ring, the sod;
Then chapel bells peal forth their Gong!
And souls ascend to God.

TRAINING AND EXERCISES

(*Continued from page* 18)

took a corresponding amount of exercise. But those days are gone forever.

A difficult task, confronts the college student who has been devoting twelve hours a day to a preparation for honors, who, finding his health giving way, determines upon going in for athletic recreation and honors at the same time. Here the nervous system has been overtaxed; the consequence is that the neglected muscular system is unfit for exertion and the limbs become stiff and sore, even cramped during the lightest kind of exercise.

It requires some time to restore a man's system that is allowed to run down this way, to a state fit for undertaking any severe work, because the muscles are wanting in solid material and the nervous system is so irritable as to be totally unfit to stimulate them with that steadiness and regularity which is so essential to success.

Some relieve this unnatural condition by early rising, pedestrian or horseback riding and exercise. Of late years this plan has become much more feasible, in the Metropolis especially, owing to the numerous athletic and boat clubs, and if carefully entered upon, is of great service.

It is the intention of the writer of this series to give some of the training experiences of such men as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries and "Kid" McCoy, supplemented by timely words of advice from Bill Brown, William Muldoon, Jimmy Deforest and other efficient physical culturists and trainers, hoping that those who are interested in the subject by following closely the principles and rules laid down may find a system of training and conditioning themselves which will be beneficial to a more or less greater degree.

(*To be continued*)

Jeff Smith, Topliner for 16 Years, Passes from the Show

By "JERSEY" JONES

IT was bound to happen, we suppose, sooner or later—still, it was a staggering, almost unbelievable report that flashed out of New Orleans a few weeks ago.

Jeff Smith knocked out by Tony Marullo!

Jeff Smith, for sixteen years a topliner in the pugilistic realm, one of the most feared middleweights the ring ever has known, a veteran of something like 600 battles, fought in all corners of the globe, knocked out for the first time during his career—and by the same opponent whom he had decisively defeated less than a year previous.

Had another pugilistic pitcher gone to the well once too often?

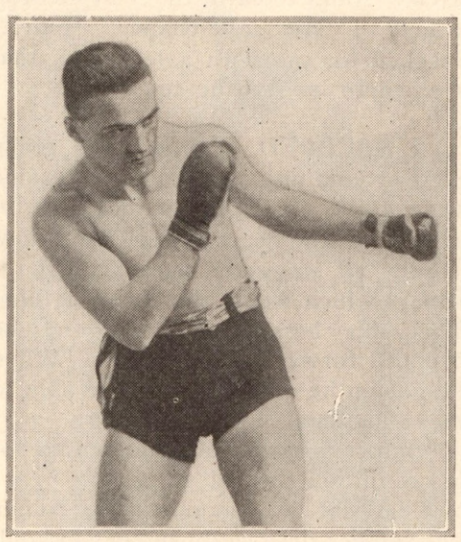
It is doubtful if, in the annals of Fistiana, there is to be located a more remarkable record than that compiled by Jeff Smith during his sixteen years of active campaigning within the four-cornered circle.

Jeff's career, in quest of fistic glory and the elusive dollar, has carried a Bayonne middleweight throughout the United States, into Canada, Mexico, the British Isles, Continental Europe, South Africa, Asia and Australia. He has tangled with middleweights, light-heavyweights and heavyweights, of all colors, creeds and calibre. He has twice circled this old planet, and has made eight individual trips to Europe. It is estimated that during his career he has covered close to 175,00 miles of land and water. There is no estimating how many rounds he has fought, but 5,000 wouldn't be far from the actual figures.

UNTIL he tangled with Gene Tunney in New Orleans last winter, Jeff had never been knocked off his feet and had lost only six official decisions. The Old Master was not a spectacular performer, but he was a great defensive boxer, a cool, crafty ringman and a dangerous puncher with either hand. In the Tunney bout, Smith was down twice in the twelfth round, but survived the rough going and finished the fifteen sessions in fine style.

Marullo was the first one to put Jeff down for the full ten seconds. However, only intimate friends knew of Smith's condition when he stepped into the ring to hook up with Pop Marullo's ambitious young offspring. For nearly a year Jeff had been troubled with defective eyesight. In each succeeding bout it had become more and more difficult for him to see his opponent. He had been urged and pleaded with by his friends to retire temporarily from the ring and have his eyes attended to. But he continued to plug along, postponing the inevitable.

Finally it happened! Jeff had previously beaten Marullo decisively. He did everything to the Crescent City Italian except knock him out. Despite the handicap of failing eyesight, Smith believed he could repeat his former victory. But he overestimated his chances.



Jeff Smith

In the second round everything became blurred. Jeff was virtually blinded. He could not see his opponent. From then on, until he finally collapsed in the eleventh round, the veteran fought only through sheer instinct and his great fighting heart, aided and abetted by remarkable physical condition.

Whether or not Smith will retire permanently or continue in the fight racket depends solely upon his physician.

SMITH'S trouble is "double vision." He can close either optic and see perfectly with the other, but when both are in operation simultaneously, things become blurred, indistinct. According to Dr. Fralick, noted surgeon who is handling Jeff's case, Jeff is suffering from the same affliction that threatened for a while to cut short George Sisler's brilliant baseball career. An operation on Sisler's eyes proved successful, and the Brown star is playing in as sensational form this season as at any time during his career.

If efforts to straighten out Smith's vision succeeds, Jeff believes he will be good for several more years in the pugilistic profession. Although he is getting along in years, Jeff feels that he is as sound physically, mentally and morally as ever.

"I don't want to retire, if I can possibly help it, before I have had the satisfaction of fighting for the world's middleweight title," Smith recently declared to the writer. "Although I have been boxing for sixteen years, have fought all over the world, and have met the best in the game, I have never had a chance at the championship.

"Gee how I do so want a chance at the middleweight title before I retire."

Have you any old time fight scene photos you want to sell? Let me buy them from you.
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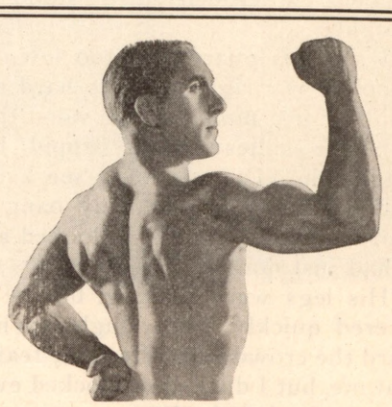

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Munroe of the Princess Pats

(*Continued from page 7*)

"'How about me?' asked Jeff.

"'I've got a nice big fellow for you,' said Billy. 'He used to be an amateur champion. You can fool around with him for a couple of rounds to give the crowd a run for its money, and then knock him out.'

"'Not me,' retorted the champion, 'I'll put him out as quick as I can get at him.'

"You see, the boilermaker was jealous about letting Fitz stop his man in a shorter time.

"'I won't let any dub get a reputation off me,' said Jeffries.

"Well, I went around to the theatre, got a dressing room and put on my tights. Fitz dropped Jack Stewart in a round. I was listening to the noise, and thinking what an easy hundred Stewart had earned, when my time came.

"I GOT into the ring, and put on a pair of boxing gloves for the first time in two years. Jeffries was in the other corner, glaring at me as if he intended making me jump out of the ring. I didn't mind that, but when the bell rang, and he came swaggering to my corner with a grin, as if I was easy, it made me mad. He came over as confidently as if all he had to do was eat a piece of pie. He didn't take the trouble to crouch—just stood up straight.

"I saw his guard was too low, and I hooked my right over as hard as I could. For a moment Jeff stood there with the silliest, most stupid look imaginable. Did you ever see a man straighten up and suddenly bang his head on a low beam. He looked as if he had just done that.

"His legs were shaking, but he recovered quickly. You ought to have heard the crowd yell. He came tearing in at me, but I ducked or blocked every blow, and when he became too rough I clinched. My idea was just to stay the four rounds.

"Fitz was yelling and waving his hands over in Jeff's corner, and when the second round began the champion rushed at me furiously. We went into a clinch, and the referee told us to break.

"I let go, and was about to step back, with my two arms across Jeff's shoulders and my muscles all relaxed, when the champion suddenly punched me in the pit of the stomach and, as I went down, followed it with a left to the same place. It was a foul blow, and the crowd hooted uproarious.

"However, I managed to get up and stall around until my strength came back. And, toward the end of the round, I saw my chance. Jeffries reached for me with a left hook that seemed to be slowing up.

"I STEPPED in, the blow going around my neck, and at the same time drove my right against his ribs just under the heart as hard as I knew how. Jeff staggered back against the ropes, which kept him from falling. Then his legs gave way, and he dropped forward on his knees. When he got up he didn't seem to be able to move his legs.

"Before I could take advantage of his condition the bell rang.

"The last two rounds were rough, but Jeffries tired badly and began holding on. I don't want to take too much credit, for the champion was big and fat and soft. He weighed all of two hundred and forty pounds.

"Referee McDonald gave me the decision on points and aggressiveness. I had gone in to make $100 Christmas money, and next day my name was flashed throughout the entire country."

Munroe became the most widely advertised pugilist in the United States after that bout. He was brought to New York to appear in one of Theodore Kremer's plays, "The Road to Ruin," a wild melodrama in which Tom Sharkey, Terry McGovern, Gus Ruhlin and Kid Broad had starred.

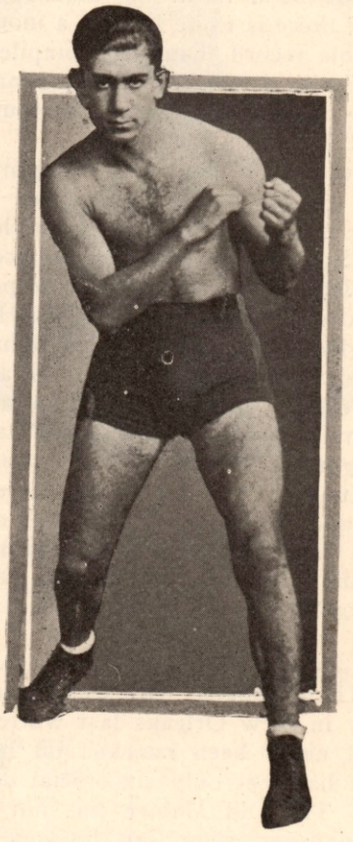
Then he defeated a number of strong fighters, and the demand for a championship bout with Jeffries became widespread. Of course, Munroe was no match for the huge Californian—and it was fortunate, indeed, for him that he was **not.**

Had he won the championship he would never have gone to Canada to discover the mines that made him wealthy; and he would not have gone to France with the Princess Pats to win a soldier's honor.

There have been better fighters in the ring than Jack Munroe, but there was never a better one outside the ropes.

THE TENNESSEE TERROR

*****



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La Barba's Taunts Get Under Genaro's Skin and Helped Beat Him

"COME on and fight—what's the matter with you?"

Frankie Genaro, whose greatest claim to fistic fame was two decisions over the late Pancho Villa, stood panting in the center of the ring at Ascot Speedway at San Francisco.

Stung to the quick, exasperated beyond reason by the elusive, runaway tactics of Fidel La Barba, the 18-year-old Los Angeles school boy, who was debating with him in belligerent fashion his right to the world's flyweight title, Genaro stood stock still in the center of the ring and gave utterance to the above challenge during the third round of their scintillating fistic duel.

It may or may not have been a grandstand play made for the benefit of Referee Harry Ertle. Anyway, the crowd took it as such and handed Frankie the merry raspberry in stentorian tones.

LA BARBA, coached to perfection by George Blake, was Jimmy McLarnin all over again in his battle with Pancho Villa. Jimmy got Villa's goat by refusing to stand toe to toe and trade punches, electing to make it a runaway fight, relying on boxing skill to stand off the bull-like rushes of Villa, to make him miss and tie him up in the clinches.

La Barba succeeded in a way that got under Genaro's skin. To his plan of battle, mapped out by George Blake and executed with the skill and accuracy of a master strategist, La Barba owes his possession today of the world's flyweight championship title. He outboxed, outgeneraled, out-maneuvered and outpunched the wily Genaro.

La Barba's dramatic rally in the tenth round, when he took the play away from Genaro and battered him into submission with a series of left hooks to body and jaw, removed any doubt as to the issue. La Barba had Genaro benumbed and bewildered in the final stanza of their contest.

CHANGING his purely defensive style to a dazzling offensive La Barba poured volley after volley of punches into Genaro's midriff, jabbed him back and back, rushed him to the ropes and twice caused his knees to sag under the punishment meted out to him.

Had La Barba been able to show a right hand he undoubtedly would have put Genaro away. But La Barba rarely uncorked a right; they say if he does he leaves himself wide open.

But he has a left that wreaks havoc on any foe. He slammed it into Genaro with such vehemence and with such wonderful timing that he had Frankie in visible distress. The clang of the final gong was no doubt a welcome sound to the eastern boy.

When Ertle flashed La Barba's right hand upward in token of victory pandemonium broke loose, and ensued a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

A NEW king had been crowned. A championship of the roped arena had really come home to Los Angeles. Electrified by the knowledge the assemblage of 15,000 gave testimony of their jubilation in a roar that sounded like the torrents of Niagara.

Fidel La Barba (left) and Frankie Genaro posing a few hours before Fidel wrested the flyweight crown from his New York rival

La Barba's victory was clean cut, decisive. His cleverness foiled the vaunted, slashing, battering-ram attack of the New Yorker. Genaro made a charging fight of it at all stages, rushing, tearing in, both arms working like piston rods. He jabbed effectively at short range, but for the greater part of the fight found himself out-ranged—La Barba upsetting his furious efforts to land his punches by tying him up effectively in the clinches.

Interesting Letters from Our Readers!

Boxing in Australia Discussed By a Former Resident

BEING a constant reader of THE RING I read John L. Dorgan's interesting article about the old time Australian boxers. I was a resident of Australia for 11 years and have been away from there only 2 years.

I see where Dorgan says that Jack Dillon is in the States and is heralded as the greatest middleweight since Les Darcy visited the United States. I have seen Dillon fight and I believe he will do well in the States, but I know of a few boys in Australia who are better class boys than Dillon.

Harry Collins, who is welter and middleweight champion of Australia, is as good as the best at his weight in the world. I believe he stands a fine chance of defeating Mickey Walker if he visits your country. I have seen both fight and give Collins the preference.

Tom Uren, whom Collins defeated for the middle title, is a fine boxer and is superior to Dillon.

I see also the news in THE RING of Paddy Slavin, where you say he is doing well in business in Victoria, B. C. I have before me the Sydney *Referee,* and in it is an appeal for funds to enable Slavin to go back to Australia. Slavin is anxious to go back to his home country according to the *Referee,* so he is being tendered a fund as he is reported to be broke. That is one great thing about the Australians. They will always assist an old timer, and in fact any one needing assistance.

I am enclosing a few clippings which I thought might interest you. Harry Collins I know personally and I saw most of his fights before I left Australia for Eagle Rock City, Los Angeles, where my present home is. Garn Juno is a great prospect at present and comes from the same district as the late Les Darcy.

Juno was born at Abermain 20 years ago, and lays claim to the following recent efforts: Digger Evans, W.K. 1; Bluey Jones, W.P. 20; Digger Young, W.K. 16; Tib Watson, W.P. 20; Herb Williams, W.T. 16; Jim Ryan, W.K. 5; Vince Blackburn, W.K. 14; J. Green, D. 20; whilst among others he has beaten is clever George Waters, winning on points.

Harry Collins is a boy who I think will go far in the game.

I have seen him in a few contests but not since 2 years ago. Harry Collins is only twenty-two years of age. But he has already built up a very fine record, one that sportsmen of every part of Australia must take pride in. Two years ago, when 20 years of age, Collins was twice beaten by George Eagel, the American, but he has been unbeaten since, Bradley, Godfrey, Darton and Godfrey is turn being vanquished. By knocking out Tommy Uren Collins added the Australian middleweight championship to the welter. He is strong, rugged, clever, stands punishment, and possesses a good punch with either hand, the timing of his short punches being most excellent. Collins is one of the young Australians who would stand a good chance against the world's best in his own division. Like Les Darcy, he is a product of the Newcastle district, which has produced first-class men in all branches of sport.

Billy Grime is another great lad and is a dual champion, being feather and lightweight title holder of Australia. He is another boy I give an even chance of defeating any man in the world at his weight.

JAMES LAUDER.

Alberta, Canada.

* * * * *

Frank Slavin Needs Aid

BEING a reader of your paper for the past three years, I thought I would just drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoy it. Not only myself, but many other boxing fans here.

I've read quite a few magazines on boxing but I've never come across one that I enjoyed so much as I do The Ring, especially your articles on Old Timers. The story on Australian fighters by Ike Dorgan which appeared in the August copy of The Ring, interested me very much because Frank Slavin, whose picture you published, is living here now. In fact, Slavin has been living in British Columbia for a number of years, and is in need of aid.

In re those funny stories that appear in the Ring here is one that happened about fifteen years ago. Tommy Murphy and Owen Moran fought a twenty round bout in Frisco, Moran was using his head and was butting Murphy a lot. Murphy's seconds kept shouting to their man, "Duck, duck." At the finish of one of the rounds, Moran turned to Murphy's seconds and said, "Duck, Duck, Duck." "Foul, Foul, Foul." What d'ye think this is, a blooming poultry farm?"

Vancouver, B. C. J. WILTSHIRE.

* * * * *

Cites Parallel Cases

JACK DEMPSEY'S refusal to fight Harry Wills is nothing new in the boxing world as I recall many such cases during which champions and near champions did likewise.

Joe Gans never fought Jimmy Britt just because Britt had a k. o. verdict over Kid Lavigne and Frank Erne. Jim Garney had the better of Jack McAuliffe in Massachusetts when the ring was broken into and the bout declared even. Carney never got another chance at McAuliffe after that.

Jack Johnson fought Sam Langford, The Boston Tar Baby, once and that was enough.

Dempsey never fought Wills and that brings back a similar scene. In the time of the Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy reign, although both were middleweights, these two men never fought a ring battle together due to Kid McCoy's refusal to tackle the tall Cornishman. McCoy got a flunky's job in Fitzsimmon's camp when Bob was training for Peter Maher and later became his sparring partner and it was here that Fitzsimmon's taught Kid McCoy to respect him and McCoy did, he dodged Fitzsimmons successfully thereafter.

In my opinion, Dempsey will meet Wills and if this pair meet the promoters will be losers as the bout has been in storage too long and would not prove a good fight to look at.

First of all, Dempsey has not fought for a long time. Dempsey would not be the dashing terrier he was against Willard or Carpentier. He is slow despite the reports to the contrary.

I would like to congratulate Paddy Mullins for his faithful stand by the Negro Panther even though his fondest dreams and efforts have been in vain.

New York City. JOHN TEEVAN.

Pugilistic Rhyme

(THE RING *recently purchased back numbers of Leslie's Weekly of pre-Civil War days and in one of the issues the Editor came across an interesting poem, "The Fist," written by Joseph Barber in answer to a complaint filed against boxing by a clergyman. As the Blue Law agitators are still at it, the Editor of* THE RING *thinks it worth while to reprint Mr. Barber's contribution to Leslie's Weekly on May, 1857.—Editor's Note.*)

THE HUMAN FIST
By JOSEPH BARBER

PROJECTILE potent! thrice illustrious "mawley!"
What is Pope's "Essay upon Man" to thine?
Or Ivry's paean, chaunted by Macaulay,
To thy "great hits"—all in the "fancy line."

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," a twelve years' labor,
Thou hadst accomplished quicker than a flash,
And never feature yet the face of clay bore
Thou could'st not paint with one "artistic dash."

THAN Colt's "repeating arm" thy "shots" are quicker,
Thy "one, two's" make the betting "two to one,"
Thy motto is the Scotch one—"I make sicker"—
And true men oft are by thy "fibs" undone.

To quote the bards: thou mak'st each "yokel" lout
To "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee."
"And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out,"
Succumbs, of course—when t'other's closed—to thee.

QUOTH Shakespeare's Antony to Shakespeare's Caesar,
"O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,"
But thou car'st naught for gory "conk" or "sneezer,"
But spillest blood as though t'were nothing worth.

We all denounce thee, instrument immoral,
Tapster of claret, batterer of mugs!
Yet e'en the saintliest read about a quarrel
Between those "horrid brutes"—a pair of "pugs."

THERE is, in fact, in all two-legged carnivora
A bit of bloodhound. Womenkind, alas!
Desire to know how Tom and Jack deliver a
Lunge in the ribs, and send their man "to grass."

THE LOSER
By H. C. VAN BUSKIRK

I LIKE to watch the vanquished man
In a thrilling, bloody fight;
I like to see him strive to win,
And strain with all his might.

For anyone can play the man
When winning in life's game.
It's mighty easy to be good
When one can taste of fame.

But when one fights a losing scrap
And gamely does his best,
'Twill show his courage and his grit,
When put to every test.

The man who gamely takes defeat,
And plunges back again—
That man will some day be the champ,
He cannot help but win.

THE QUEST
By NORMAN DALY

I AM looking for a heavy, sir;
Can you find me one today,
With a sort of beefy set-up
And a bit of roughish way?
For wherever I go roaming
And I see a duke or tramp,
I have in my mind a picture
Of a man to beat the Champ.

I'VE traveled thru' the Rockies;
I've been on the coast of Maine;
I've dallied 'round Alaska—
But results were all the same!
I couldn't find a hefty
In mine or lumber camp,
Who I thought had possibilities
Of knocking out the Champ.

I CAN picture a good big baby—
With a sock like a Missouri mule—
Doing footwork like a Rooney
And a head that's kept quite cool.
I see him feinting and jabbing
With the grace of a movie vamp;
I seem to see him biffing
The Crown right off the Champ.

WILL the next one fit my picture,
Or will he put my dreams to flight?
Will I find this perfect mixture
In a man who LOVES to fight?
In my mind the picture I've painted
Would excel a real Rembrandt,
The full portrait of the fighter
Who'd put the skids beneath the Champ.

I AM just a working fellow,
But somehow I'd hate to spare
This picture that for many years
I've looked for everywhere.
If I only knew where Aladdin
Has hidden his magic lamp,
I could rub it and then I'd get
My man to beat the Champ.

BOXING ALPHABET
By RAY HOPPMAN

A—for announcer and alibis, too,
B—for the bouts and for eyes black and blue.
C—for commission, champs, clamor and clouts,
D—for defeats and decisions and doubts.
E—for the earnings that pugilists make,
F—for the fan and that ring disgrace, fake.
G—for the gate receipts, gong, grumble, growl,
H—for the hooting, the holler and howl.
I—for inducements, oft' needed, we hear,
J—for the jab and the jest and the jeer.
K—for the knockout, the kissing-the-floor,
L—for the loser who feels rather sore.
M—for matchmaker and manager, too—
N—for the ring news the press gives to you.
O—for old-timers who live in the past,
P—for the purse and the pace that is fast.
Q—for the questions that always arise,
R—for the referee who must be wise.
S—For the signatures—seconds and such,
T—for the training on which depends much.
U—for the unknown who'll climb to fame yet,
V—for the victory all strive to get.
W—for wallop that knocks at man out,
X—for 'xitement while watching a bout.
Y—for the youngsters, new boys at the game.
Z—for the zest they put into the same.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCES ALBERTANTI

George Kelly, New York City

Q.—(1) Who are the ten best boxers of all time and their nationalities? Would Benny Leonard be included? (2) Who is the best boxer of all time? (3) Do you consider Harry Greb and Georges Carpentier very good boxers?

A.—(1) James J. Corbett, Irish-American; Jem Driscoll, English; Joe Gans and George Dixon, Negroes; Freddie Welsh, English; Abe Attell, Hebrew; Packey McFarland. Irish-American; Young Griffo, Australian; Jack McAuliffe, Irish-American; Mike Gibbons, Irish-American. Yes. (2) Young Griffo. (3) Yes.

R. Kelly, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Mickey Walker? (2) Can a strong, fast slugging type of fighter who can take and give punishment and who has a small amount of science whip a really clever boxer the same weight?

A.—(1) Weight, 147; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; neck, 15 inches; reach, 67½; chest normal, 40; chest expanded, 47; forearm, 11; biceps, 13½; thigh, 21¾; waist, 29; wrist, 7; ankle, 8½; calf, 15. (2) Has a mighty good chance of turning the trick.

Sergio Fernandez, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—Who were Paul Berlenbach's predecessors?

A.—Jack Root, George Gardner, Bob Fitzsimmons, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tommy Burns, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Georges Carpentier, Battling Siki, Mike McTigue. Gene Tunney holds the American light-heavyweight title.

George Schuyler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—When and by whom were the first rules of boxing drafted?

A.—1743, Jack Broughton, London, England.

James J. O'Brien, Troy, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Pete Herman, former bantam champion?

A.—He is conducting a prosperous cabaret in New Orleans.

A Reader, New York City

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Who manages Babe Herman, California featherweight?

A.—Jimmy Kelley.

Joe Dellecave, New York City

Q.—If Dave Shade and Mickey Walker met who would win? Would it be a k. o. or a decision?

A.—Shade, by decision.

Israel Demsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who are the leading contenders in the welter division? (2) Are there any good Hebrew boxers in the heavyweight division?

A.—(1) Dave Shade, Georgie Ward, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Willie Harmon.

Frankie Budd, Garfield, N. J.

Q.—Was there a fighter by the name of Hugh McCann who fought Stanley Ketchel about seventeen years ago?

A.—Not in record. Believe he did.

Henry Ross, Indianapolis, Ind.

Q.—(1) Was Jack Dillon ever middleweight champion? (2) How does Chuck Wiggins, of Indianapolis, rate in the light heavyweight division?

A.—(1) Claimed it but was not recognized. (2) Fifth rater.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Was Jimmy Goodrich ever knocked out? (2) Was Gene Tunney ever stopped? (3) Has Sammy Mandell any brother fighting? (4) How old is Mike Ballerino and is he a better fighter than Johnny Dundee? (5) Who would be the better in a fight, Mandell or Goodrich? (6) What stock does Mickey Travers come from? (7) How many times was Mike Ballerino knocked out? (8) Did Ballerino knock out Kid Sullivan when he won the title? (9) Where, when and who knocked out Carl Tremaine?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) No. (4) Twenty-four. No. (5) Mandell. (6) Italian. (7) Twice. (8) No. (9) Cleveland, 1924. Jack (Kid) Wolfe and Charley Goodman.

O'Donnell Brady Gallagher, Huntington, W. Va.

Q.—(1) Whom did Bob Fitzsimmons win the light heavyweight title from and when? (2) Where and when did George Dixon die, and when and where was he born? (3) Where and when did Terry McGovern fight his last bout and who was his opponent?

A.—(1) George Gardner, Nov. 25, 1903. (2) Boston, 1909. Halifax, N. S., July 28, 1870. (3) New York, May 26, 1908, against Spike Robson.

L. S. Gleason, Allston, Mass.

Q.—(1) In your opinion would Carpentier at his best have been able to defeat the following: Stribling, Slattery, Weinert, Sharkey, Solomon, McTigue, Berlenbach, Greb, Rojas, Firpo, Tunney and Wills? (2) Did a colored boy named Patterson from Joplin, Mo., who fought in the A. E. F., ever fight in this country professionally? (3) The first of the year Tex Rickard picked ten best heavies. Many of them have been badly beaten. Pick ten best today in their order.

A.(1) Could have whipped Rojas, Sharkey, Berlenbach, Solomon, Stribling, Firpo and Slattery. (2) No. (3) Dempsey, Wills, Tunney, Fitzsimmons, Solomon, Maloney, Godfrey, Montgomery, Firpo and Madden.

Terry Taylor, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Q.—(1) Have Jack Britton and Harry Greb ever been scheduled to fight and have they fought? (2) When will Bud Taylor get a chance at Phil Rosenberg, and who are some of the good boys he has beaten? (3) Do you think twenty-two fights with three losses and ten knockouts is a good record?

A.—(1) No. (2) When the champion feels disposed to give him a shot. Rosenberg, Tommy Ryan, Sarmiento and Carl Tremaine. (3) Perfect.

Joseph J. Depreta, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—(1) When was Frankie Genaro born and when did he start fighting? (2) When was Mickey Walker born and when did he start fighting?

A.—(1) Aug. 26, 1901. 1919. (2) July 13, 1901. 1920.

Arthur J. Piccoli, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How does Bushey Graham rank with the leading bantams of the world? (2) Who are the hardest hitting bantams today? (3) Can Graham hit harder than Eddie Martin, Bud Taylor or Carl Tremaine? (4) Do you think Graham will become champion?

A.—(1) Right on top. (2) Taylor, Goldstein, Shea, Goodman, Suggs, Sarmiento. (3) No. (4) Wonderful chance.

C. G. Harris, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Q.—(1) Was Young Marullo the only one to stop Jeff Smith? (2) Is there any boxer who has fought all his life and never been knocked out? (3) Are Dan O'Dowd and Battling McCreary considered as good second raters?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) No.

P. E. Y., Goodyear, Conn.

Q.—Were there any good fighters of Scotch descent?

A.—Yes.

A Reader, Union City, N. J.

Q.—Was Sid Barbarian ever knocked out? Whom did he fight last and what was the result?

A.—No. Mandell and lost popular newspaper decision.

Clyde Berry, Dawson, N. B., Canada.

Q.—(1) Is Jimmy McLarnin a flyweight? Do you think he will ever hold a world title? (2) Does Slattery stand a better chance of winning Dempsey's crown than Stribling? (3) Do you think Wills could beat Dempsey? (4) Do you think Stribling could defeat Charley Weinert?

A.—(1) No. He is a bantam. Great chance. (2) No. (3) No. (4) No.

Young McCarthy, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) If the following would meet, who, in your opinion, would win—Phil (K. O.) Kaplan vs. Willie Harmon, Frankie Genaro vs. Black Bill, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg vs. Bud Taylor, Danny Kramer vs. Babe Herman? (2) If a boxer does not wish to use his own name must he get permission from the Commission to change it? (3) What are the nationalities of the following oldtimers—Frank Slavin, Joe Choynski, Jim Jeffries?

A.—(1) Kaplan, Genaro, Taylor, Herman. (2) Yes. (3) Australian, Hebrew-American, English-Holland-Dutch.

George Brown, Steubenville, Ohio.

Q.—(1) How much was Pancho Villa worth when he died? (2) What is the most Joe Lynch ever got out of one fight and how much is he worth now? (3) Did Terry McGovern outgrow the 118 pound bantamweight limit when he fought some lightweights? (4) How old was Johnny Buff when he first entered the ring?

A.—(1) About $6,000. (2) $30,000; $100,000 conservative estimate. (3) Yes. (4) About twenty-three.

A Ring Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of the following: Billy De Foe, Billy Kennedy, Bud Taylor, Harry Felix, Jackie Gordon? (2) How would you rate Billy De Foe in his prime, and do you think he could have beaten Louis (Kid) Kaplan? (3) What do you think of Bud Taylor's chances against Charley (Phil) Rosenberg?

A.—(1) Scotch-Irish, Irish-American, Irish-American, Hebrew-American, Hebrew-American. (2) Near the top. Yes. (3) Excellent if he can make the weight.

We Guys, Cold Spring, N. Y.

Q.—What is the nationality of Harry Felix? Who would be the winner between Felix and Mike Ballerino? Were Felix and Ballerino ever knocked out?

A.—Hebrew-American. Ballerino. Felix was never stopped. Kid Sullivan knocked out Ballerino but it looked suspicious.

Petey Greene, New York City.

Q.—(1) If Mickey Walker defeated Harry Greb how many titles would he own? (2) If Walker fought Leonard and lost, how many titles would Walker risk if he agreed to fight for welter limit, and how many titles would Leonard have?

A.—(1) Two. (2) One. Two.

Charles Moore, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Must the champion and challenger be below recognized weight in their divisions or just the challenger in order to have the title change hands? (2) Is it true that the referee must wear the championship belt while in the ring to make the fight official?

A.—(1) Both must be at weight. (2) No.

J. R., Fall River, Mass.

Q.—(1) Is seventeen years too young to start to fight in Massachusetts? (2) How old does a fight manager have to be? (3) Does he have to have a license?

A.—Ad Wolgast was lightweight champion of the world at seventeen. (2) Jack Dougherty, for example, is nearly sixty. (3) Yes.

G. H. Addis, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Q.—Are there any books on the ring lives of Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Jim Jeffries?

A.—No.

D. B. F., New York City.

Q.—Would Ruby Goldstein defeat the following boys if he met them—Carl Duane, Lew Hurley, Bud Dempsey, Charley Rosen, Harry Felix, Tony Vaccarelli.

A.—In another year he will whip them all.

Subscriber, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—How many times did Ruhlin and Choynski fight?

A.—Once. Nov. 4, 1898. No decision, six rounds.

A. Griffiths, Toledo, Ohio.

Q.—(1) In what plays did Jim Corbett appear on the stage in the nineties? (2) Did Corbett appear in a play entitled "Gentleman Jack?"

A.—(1) "Gentleman Jim," "A Naval Cadet" and "Eighty Minutes Around New York." (2) No.

T. North, East Akron, Ohio.

Q.—A bets that Mitchell met Corbett in the ring in a friendly bout and B bets that they did not meet in a ring after their fight in Jacksonville, Fla.

A.—They never met in a friendly bout before or after.

Thomas Langtry, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is Tommy Ryan a Jew?

A.—No.

R. Thomas, Marengo, Wis.

Q.—Where was Fitzsimmons born?

A.—Helsten, Cornwall, England.

T. A. Duncan, Central Falls, R. I.

Q.—Did Jeffries and Corbett wear bandages when they fought?

A.—Yes.

James Standish, Anderson, Ind.

Q.—Who is the hardest hitter in the ring today?

A.—Jack Dempsey.

G. W. Leonard, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Q.—Who had the longest reach, Corbett or Fitzsimmons?

A.—Both the same, 73½ inches.

B. Roth, Browning, Mont.

Q.—What percentage of money did Fitzsimmons get when he fought Jeffries?

A.—The total receipts were divided between the club and the fighters, and of the fighters' share Fit got 65 per cent and Jeffries 35 per cent.

Harold Dibblee, Wilmington, Del.

Q.—In the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, T. H. bets that Corbett was knocked out while M. C. bets that Corbett was not knocked out but counted out.

A.—He was conscious and counted out in the fourteenth round.

Sam Hyman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Do the records credit Ballerino with a k. o. or was the late Pepper Martin credited with having won on a foul in the fight they had at the Rink S. C. this year in which Martin claimed a foul and went to the hospital? (2) Did the Commission change the referee's decision?

A.—(1) Knockout. (2) No.

DAVE SHADE CONTRADICTS READER OF THE RING

Chicago, Aug. 20, 1925

EDITOR, THE RING:

Being a steady reader of your magazine, which is absolutely the best on the market, I must disagree on a subject presented in the Questions and Answers Department conducted by Francis Albertanti.

Albertanti claims Shade was never knocked out, which is all wrong. Ask Shade if he remembers the night George Adams hit him so hard over the heart that he was knocked almost out of the ring. He was out for almost three hours. I don't think he put this in his record book. Ask Dave and he will remember same. This fight took place in 'Frisco about five years ago.

H. M.

Dave Shade contradicts you. He says that he never fought a man named George Adams.

EDITOR.

Constant Reader, New York City.

Q.—What do you believe is King Solomon's nationality?

A.—He is a Syrian Jew.

Ed Heim, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—(1) Who do you consider the faster boxer, Mandell or Terris? (2) Who is the greater fighter, Dempsey or Wills? (3) Do you think Dempsey is afraid to fight Wills?

A.—(1) Terris. (2) Dempsey. (3) No.

M. Paul, St. Joseph, Iowa.

Q.—(1) Was Kid McCoy ever champion of England? (2) What was Fitz's lowest weight when in fighting trim? (3) What was Corbett's general weight?

A.—(1) No. (2) He fought Nonpareil Dempsey at 150½. (3) About 180.

J. H. Walker, Charlotte, N. C.

Q.—Which was the better drawing card, Jeffries or Fitzsimmons?

A.—Fitzsimmons.

Reader, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—Who is managing Andy Devodi, the latest sensation in the lightweight ranks?

A.—Bill Duffy.

Jack McKenna, Manitoba, Can.

Q.—(1) Who do you think would win if they were to meet, Leonard or Gans? (2) Who, in your opinion, is the most scientific of our present day fighters? (3) Do you think Greb could have beaten Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in his prime?

A.—(1) Comparisons are odious. I believe Gans. (2) Sid Terris. (3) No.

Edwin Barnes, Linwood, N. C.

Q.—Where can I obtain the best boxing rules as to decisions, duties of referee, etc.

A.—Dan Skilling, secretary, New York State Athletic Commission, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

A Regular Reader, New York City.

Q.—Is Berlenbach a German-American or German-Frenchman?

A.—German-American.

Irving Chaddock, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Q.—Where did Luther McCarty and Arthur Pelky fight and what was the result?

A.—Calgary, Alta. Pelky knocked out McCarty in the first flurry of punches. Luther died from the effects of a blow on the neck.

Harry Mack, New York City.

Q.—Where can an amateur boxer obtain a license?

A.—A. A. U. headquarters, 203 Broadway, New York City.

Thomas O'Connor, New York City.

Q.—Could Walker beat Leonard and Shade? (2) Could Tunney beat Wills? (3) Would John L. beat Corbett if he was in his prime? (4) Did Floyd Johnston beat Jess Willard?

A.—No. (2) No. (3) Yes. (4) No.

Francis Peyton, Salem, Ore.

Q.—(1) I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh 153, but I am only sixteen years old. Would it be possible for me to take two or three fights under the instruction of an experienced man without burning myself out? (2) If I were to take a fight, should I be completely trained or not? (3) Would it make any difference if the fight was put on by an amateur club or a professional matchmaker? (4) If I am too young what would be the earliest age that I could fight without injuring myself? (5) Would it hurt me to train steadily for a month and then not fight?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Must be trained. (3) No. (4) Seventeen or eighteen. (5) No.

A Constant Reader, New York City.

Q.—I would like to box professionally as a side line. How can I get in touch with a manager to get bouts?

A.—Look up Billy McCarney, No. 1493 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Reader, New York City.

Q.—Did Jimmy Goodrich and Sammy Mandell clash in the lightweight elimination tournament, and what was the result?

A.—Goodrich triumphed on a foul.

O'Donnell Brady Gallagher, Huntington, W. Va.

Q.—What was the date of the death of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, and what did he die of?

A.—Nov. 1, 1895. Tuberculosis.

Jim Corbett Doubts If Jack Dempsey Will Defend His Title Again

(*Continued from page* 4)

and demand an immediate hearing from the new champion. The interest in a bout of that character would be greater than the present interest in a Dempsey-Wills match.

Can you imagine the furor which would be created by the return of a Dempsey who had announced his retirement? He would be bigger than ever, particularly if the title were held by a negro. And it wouldn't be Jeffries and Johnson all over again, for poor Jeff was a mere shell when he was induced by overzealous friends to come out of his retirement to meet the big negro."

Corbett's idea of the situation certainly was a sound one. There is every evidence that Dempsey has been ill advised since he decided to take over the reins from Kearns. Not that we have any brief for Kearns, who has given Jack a lot of bad advice on his own account. Kearns is the man who has kept Dempsey on the shelf so long.

IT may sound like a paradox to say that Dempsey will be like a ship without a rudder without his manager, but consideration of all the elements in the situation bears out this contention.

"Yes, it is my idea that Dempsey does not intend to fight again," went on Corbett after half a dozen new interruptions from Tom Lewis, Harry Kelly, Frank Belcher and others. "If Dempsey does decide to quit, what then? Will it be Wills or Tunney? I think that the negro is the more polished boxer and the harder hitter. But you never can tell what youth will accomplish.

"Incidentally, let me say that any man who presumes to make a hard and fast prediction as to the outcome of a fight is a venturesome and brave man indeed. I know that I have been called the worst picker in the world. But I want to take advantage of this opportunity to say that I have done practically no picking at all in the last ten years. I have learned the utter futility of prediction. All the picking has been done for me by sporting writers.

"They know that I am a hale fellow, well met, a friend of most of them, and they take little liberties. I don't object. It worries me little whether I am known as a good picker or a bad one. But the fact is that I am doing no picking at all.

"The particularly hardy fellow is the man who presumes to predict in what round a fight will end. I don't want to go into this thing too much in detail. Perhaps in some later issue I will discuss the various elements which enter into a big bout and which sometimes delight in confounding critics just as they confounded them when Dave Shade knocked out Jimmy Slattery.

"But right now I want to emphasize the fact that picking winners in boxing is as bad as picking them on the turf,—and goodness knows, that's bad enough."

Jack Dempsey's Grave in Good Condition Writes Reader

I NOTICED in recent issues of The Ring an article about the final resting place of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, the old time middleweight, writes Art Clancy, of Portland, Ore. Out of tribute to the man considered by many to have been the greatest fighter ever to have graced my division, I decided to search out his grave and see to it that it was properly cared for.

I had some difficulty in locating it as there is no record of Dempsey's death or burial on file in Portland record office. However, a lady who works in the office remembered seeing the grave herself and was able to tell me where it was. It is located in Lat. 135, Mt. Calvary Catholic Cemetery, a few miles out from the city of Portland. I found the cemetery to be well cared for and very attractive.

The Dempsey monument is still in excellent condition as shown by the old photograph which appeared in The Ring. That little poem, while very pretty, grossly misstated the facts. The graves of Dempsey and his wife are side by side. They are covered by a thick green carpet of grass and surrounded by a little border of flowers. Finding the grave in good condition there was nothing I could conceive of that could be done to improve it so I only left a wreath of roses there and departed.

I hope this report will prove of interest to your readers.

Boxing Gossip

IN MID-WEST
By BEN H. POLLINGER

The fall boxing season in the mid-west will soon get under way. Fight promoters in the mid-western cities will soon start lining up matches that should provide the boxing fraternity with plenty of varied action.

Harry Tuthill, matchmaker for the Border Cities A. C., of Windsor, Ont., has left for New York where he hopes to sign up Gene Tunney for a match with Bud Gorman for his opening show to take place the latter part of this month or early in October.

Sammy Mandell, of Rockford, Ill., defeated Bobby Ward, of St. Paul, in their ten round bout at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., September 1. The bout, which went the limit, was full of action.

Ray Miller, Chicago lightweight, fought a ten-round draw with Chick Suggs, of New Bedford, Mass., at Aurora, early last month.

Detroit boxers had a proverbial field day in their bouts at Grand Rapids, Mich., four out of five winning their bouts.

In the main bout of the evening Tommy Burns, light-heavyweight, shaded Soldier King in a ten-round go.

In the semi-windup on the same card Jimmy Nuss, of Marquette, easily defeated Chuck Doris, of Detroit, in their ten-round setto.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, bantamweight; Frankie Schoell, welterweight and Johnny Sacco and Bob Tracey, lightweight, Buffalo boxers who invaded the Pacific Coast last May, are back home again. The Buffalo boys made good in the Far West, especially Ryan and Schoell, who beat all comers.

Schoell lost the decision to Dave Shade in their hectic battle at the San Francisco baseball park, but Schoell made Shade realize he was in a fight. Shade was a favorite in the betting because of his three-round knockout over Jimmy Slattery, but **nevertheless Schoell gave him quite a battle.** Manager Bert Finch brought back newspaper clippings which ulogized Schoell for his splendid showing.

Tommy Ryan is boxing in the best form of his career and is trying hard to get a championship match with Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, who now wears the title crown of the bantamweights. Once upon a time Ryan and Rosenberg were matched in New York and it was Rosenberg—not Ryan—who pulled out of the fight.

Ryan and Carl Tremaine boxed in Buffalo last year and Ryan made the Clevelander look like an amateur. The officials called the bout a draw but every newspaper in this city gave Ryan a large majority of the rounds. Since then Tremaine has ducked another match with Buffalo's premier bantamweight.

Frankie Schoell is going to be busy this fall. Besides his match with Harry Galfund in New York Schoell is scheduled to take on Johnny Gill in Buffalo and Morrie Schlaiffer in Wilkes-Barre.

Minute Rest Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

ANOTHER eventful month has passed into history. August saw the dethronement of Frankie Genaro as king of American flyweights; the rank decision rendered at Waterbury, Conn., which enabled Louis (Kid) Kaplan to retain his U. S. featherweight laurels against Babe Herman; serious illness of Jack Delaney necessitating the substitution of Jimmy Slattery for a shot at the world light heavy mythical diadem with Paul Berlenbach at the Yankee Stadium; bold Mike McTigue's splendid comeback in beating Young Marullo, and the on agin' off agin' tactics of Benny Leonard, were some of the outstanding features.

Like a bomb out of a clear sky came the dreadful news from far off California of nineteen-year-old Fidel La Barba's victory over Genaro. Hardly a man except La Barba's manager suspected that it was in the power of the tiny Fidel to make the cool, calculating, sharp shooting Genaro eat out of his hands, literally speaking.

That La Barba was master of the situation from start to finish of the ten rounds was attested by the fact that Harry Ertle, who came all the way from Jersey City to officiate, could do nothing else but raise the youngster's right arm.

La Barba's mechanical left played havoc with Genaro's face and body. By the time Frankie warmed up to his job his opponent was leading by a few city blocks. Genaro missed by an open gate. Fidel mixed his punches shooting in right crosses to the jaw while the crowd roared. In every department of the manly art the Californian made Frankie look like a plugged nickel.

The licking should do Frankie more good than harm. It will take some of the conceit out of his system. Although Phil Bernstein was accused of keeping him in a glass case, the truth of the matter is that Genaro essayed to manage his manager.

We may not live to see another titular bout in the State of Connecticut. Twenty-five years ago Young Corbett knocked out Terry McGovern at Hartford. The scenes that followed in the streets of that city were so disgraceful that the authorities clamped the lid down on boxing.

The Hartford incident was a laugh compared to the weird verdict handed down by Old Jack Sheehan, of Boston, after fifteen rounds of mediocre fighting indulged in by Kaplan and Herman. The Babe earned seven stanzas, three were even and the remaining five could be given the champ. Another case of "importation" of a referee. This time, however, Sheehan stood up like a major. He could just as well have given the decision to Kaplan as to call it a draw.

The storm of protest continues unabated up to this late day. It means the beginning of the end of big bouts in the Nutmeg State. Kaplan fought indifferently. Herman landed the cleanest punches and outboxed his antagonist. With defeat staring him in the face Kaplan rushed the Babe off his feet in the fifteenth but that wasn't enough to justify an even break.

No sooner did Jimmy Kelly, Herman's manager, return to New York than he posted another certified cheque of $2,500 with the Commission for a return match. Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower justly ordered Kaplan to give Herman another shot before he would be allowed to box in the Empire State.

Another Gothamite who claims he got a raw deal in an out-of-town battle, was Midget Smith. He whipped Kid Williams at Baltimore three weeks ago, but the officials ruled otherwise. J. Lester Scott, one of the best known fistic writers in Baltimore, penned the following: "Smith was treated rather shamefully by the judges when Williams was given the verdict. The fight, which was an excellent exhibition by master infighters, was close throughout. While Williams concentrated entirely for the body, Smith displayed a real nice right cross to the jaw which many times rocked the Kid. Smith had a decided shade in the fourth, sixth, eighth and eleventh. Williams won the fifth, ninth and twelfth, the remainder being even. A draw verdict would have been more popularly received, but Smith really deserved the award."

Eddie Curry, crack lightweight thirty years ago, was elevated to the chairmanship of deputies succeeding Walter G. Hooke, resigned, at the September 1 meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission. Eddie deserved the promotion. Dan Skilling was made a deputy. He will continue as secretary until such time as a capable man is found to take up the latter burden.

Pete Scarano, promising Italian welterweight from Bayonne, only a youngster in years, has been coming along at a rapid gait and from indications it looks as if nothing short of a cyclone will stop his progress.

Pete has only lost two decisions in two years of battling and reversed the two defeats in later bouts with his conquerors. Some of those he has whipped are K. O. Lew Williams, Sammy Markowitz, Dave Weber, Ricardo Gonzales, Joe Marino and Dixie Diamond.

Nat Savitsky, former State amateur flyweight champion, is going along nicely in the professional ranks. Win or lose, Nat always pleases the audience with his aggressive milling. He whipped the bantamweight champion of Colombia, South America, Victor Barretto, in a bout at Rockaway Beach in his last start.

Ted ("Kid") Nelson, Swedish representative in the welterweight division, is trying to break all records for consistent battling. Ted took part in three bouts in one week and is trying to further his average as the weeks go by.

He is not averse to tackling middleweights. He is contemplating a trip to his native country this winter.

Archie Bell, formerly a crackerjack flyweight from Brooklyn, is now making his home in Chicago. He has taken part in six engagements, winning them all. Bell has been steadily improving and when he returns here he will be ready to face the foremost men in his class. Sol Goldie, who sent Archie to western territory, has fond visions of managing a future champion.

"Tex" O'Rourke has under his management Pittsburgh's pummelling Pole, Johnny Urban. He was started by "Tex" against Dan O'Connell, whom Urban flattened in a hurry and then was sent after big Carl Carter. Although Carter had trouble getting through the last round, he was a bit tough for Johnny's second battle and "Tex" realized he ought to take Urban in hand for a few weeks and polish off the rough corners.

Urban is now in condition to tackle any of the newer heavies, Jim Sigmund please note.

Urban is the type that will please as he is a hard one to hurt and what he lacks in experience he makes up in natural style and aggressiveness. He is still a youngster but shows exceptional promise.

Joe Stanley, formerly a crackerjack featherweight from Philadelphia, is now boosting the prowess of Roche Rodgers, terrific punching 126-pounder, also making his home in the Sleepy City.

Rodgers has scored twenty knockouts in forty-eight encounters. He is a natural puncher. He is credited with giving Babe Ruth a great fight despite the decision going against him.

Andy Martin, Boston bantamweight, now making his headquarters in New York, has suffered plenty of hard luck since he moved to this city. First of all, his reputation had preceded him and he had difficulty in getting started. His first battle around these parts was against Rosey Stoy at Lancaster, Pa. Stoy enjoyed a seven-pound advantage in the weights, but despite the handicap, Martin managed to clearly outpoint him. He was given a draw by the officials, but suffered a broken right hand and will be forced to remain on the side lines for several weeks.

Midget Smith, sturdy New Yorker, was the victim of a home town decision, when Kid Williams, former champion, was awarded the palm over him at Baltimore, recently.

Harry Neary, Smith's manager, sends along the clippings to substantiate his claims about the injustice done to Midget.

Joey Abrams, another New Yorker, who left town to seek fame and fortune, reports that he is prospering around Akron, Ohio. Joey has engaged in two fights, winning both. He won over K. O. Sweeney, spotting him eight pounds and triumphed over Battling Jim Henry who outweighed him by fifteen pounds.

Bud Gorman surprised the fistic talent by his easy victory over Jack Sharkey in the latter's home town. Little is known of Gorman around the East, but a perusal of his record reveals the fact that he has whipped some of the best heavyweights in the country.

He has beaten Sharkey, Bob Roper, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack De Mave, twice, Homer Smith, Billy Shade, Harry Drake, and has a knockout over Dan Bright of England. Young Stribling was fortunate enough to secure a decision over him, but according to the newspaper accounts of the contest, Gorman proved an easy victor.

Meyer Cohen, formerly known as Kid Carson, is making good around the Metropolitan City. He started by beating Pip Damis in Jersey City. He continued his winning stride by beating Joe Saviola at the Queensboro and iimmy Kelly at the Commonwealth. He is being handled by Jimmy Bronson and Lou Brown.

The lie was passed to Perfumery Jack Kearns in re the Walker-Shade match. The sweet scented Kearns promised the bout to Humbert J. Fugazy for Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, but at the last minute he signed with Rickard. Fugazy spoke his mind to Kearns and thos who listened in agreed the remarks were not complimentary. Kearns was very apologetic and all that, but Fugazy gave him a tongue lashing that will long live in his memory.

History has been written on another fistic carnival staged for charity. However, unlike previous shows during the present season, the bouts for the benefit of the Coney Island Jewish Centre at the Coney Island Stadium, August 25, did not fare so well. This despite the fact one of the greatest matchmakers paired off the boxers. It is said they lost money. Not much we are glad to say, but it was only through the generosity of Sammy Mandell and some of the others who "kicked back" a portion of their purses that they were able to see daylight at all.

One word—interference—perhaps explains the failure of the show to reach the financial heights expected. It was the opinion of all boxing experts that had the original card gone through at least $50,000 would have poured into the box office, instead of the trifle over $18,000 which was realized. Fugazy made a success of his Italian Hospital Fund bouts because he spent money to make money.

Had the committee in charge of the Coney Island show stood up for the professional matchmaker they hired, and backed his original card which embraced besides the Seeman-Mandell bout, one between two heavyweights who are now very much in the limelight, namely Young Bob Fitszimmons and Jim Maloney, the arena would not have been big enough to accommodate the crowd.

Ike Dorgan is getting plenty of work for Solly Seeman, Harlem crack lightweight. Solly gave Mandell more than he bargained for in the Coney Island arena. His next opponent was Luis Vincentini. He may box Johnny Dundee shortly.

Joe Dundee came all the way from Baltimore to hand Vincentini a shellacing in twelve rounds, at the Queensboro.

Tom McArdle is making a ton of money for Si Flaherty at the Queensboro. Most important, chubby Tom is giving the patrons of the Long Island arena a run for their money.

Tom Furey thinks he has two worldbeaters in feather and Vince scales 110 pounds.

The latest heavyweight sensation is Jack De Mave. His knockout over Bob Lawson has made him a big card.

Jimmy Slattery disappointed in his six rounder against Maxie Rosenbloom. Apparently the Dave Shade kayo has not been completely erased from his mind. He had all he could do to whip the slow-moving Maxie.

M. MacLevy, head of the MacLevy Gymnasium, announces that Irving Smith and Chuck Clossi will take charge of the trainers at the New MacLevy Gym., which will be opened in conjunction with the New Madison Square Garden located at 825 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Smithy and Chuck have been with the MacLevy forces for several years and are well adapted to the work.

Jimmy Russo, Grand Rapids flyweight, is now under the management of Harry (Red) Shernoff of Brooklyn. Russo was rated among the first line of flyweights a year ago, but inactivity forced him to descend, at least for the time being. He holds decisions over Al Brown, Wilbur Cohen, Nat Pincus and Davey Abad.

Tony Travers, younger brother of Mickey, added another good name to his knockout string of victims. Kid Henry, of Montreal, Canada, credited with going eight rounds with Babe Herman, only lasted two sessions against the hard-hitting New Haven youngster. Joe Souza, a brother of Babe Herman's, knocked out Larry Roach in four rounds on the same card which was staged by Tony Paolillo at New Haven, Conn.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Clever, classy, Wee Willie Davies, Charleroi's contender for world's flyweight honors, well liked by Toronto fans and considered by the critics as one of the niftiest little ringsters to exhibit boxing wares in this city, is rapidly climbing the ladder of fistic fame. He has verdicts over Corp. Izzy Schwartz, Frankie Mason, Hugh Manson and Larry Goldberg. His latest feat was to trounce Dave Adelman, tricky Philadelphian.

Jim Buchanan, Willie's mentor, is lining up a series of battles that will bring his protege a crack at Fidel La Barba. Toronto fans would enthuse over a return Davies-Alec Burley mixup, the last joust was a real riot.

Hamilton promoters again featured the idolised Bobby Ebert. The fans came out in droves. Artful Bobby's opponent was Kid Sparks, of Detroit. Although the decision was a draw, the opinion was that Eber won. The decision was poor, Eber bewildered "Sparky" with lefts.

Talented Alec Burlie, claimant of the Canadian flyweight crown, will very probably meet Clovis Durant, Montreal's claimant, as the headliner at the next fistic offering here. This battle should be the "berries" and will be worth going a long way to see.

"Smiling" Joe Herman bounded into town, full of fight and rarin' to go. He obliged all by lamming a negro fighter named Brown, from Buffalo, into submission in the sixth round of a ten round tilt. Joe will no doubt install himself a red hot favorite with the fans this coming season.

Tommy Dyer, former well known welterweight fighter, globe trotter and story teller, inaugurated the boxing game into Kitchener when he ushered in a snappy ten-round bout as the feature between Bobby Eber and Rocky Fiorio, of Buffalo. Eber won with plenty to spare. After the bout Micky Wilson, who directs the destinies of the Hamilton sharpshooter, opined that the clever, crafty, adroit hitting Eber was about ready to take a smack at Vic Foley for the Canadian bantam supremacy. Bobby will have a big local support if this big fistic number is pulled off soon.

Maxie Lewis, Montreal impressario, is eager to send his slugging southpaw, Ralph McNaughton, against Vic Foley or Bobby Eber. "Mac" rules the bantam roost in eastern Canada.

Rumors still persist that genial Tom Flanagan, former manager of Jack Johnson, will be back in the game ere long. Whatever capacity Tom elects to entertain in he will be a welcome addition. His fine personality will help the game considerably.

MONTREAL AND VICINITY

By MAXIE LEWIS

With the advent of cooler weather, boxing is again coming into its own. A busy season is looked forward to by the two clubs of any consequence in this vicinity. Alex Moore's Olympic Club, and Billy Moorehouse's Regal A. C. These clubs are perfectly reliable and straightforward in their business methods and nearly always have winning shows.

Billy Moorehouse's club, the Regal A. C., got off to a good start in staging the Elzear Rioux-Gordon Munce battle. Some time ago, in the old Madison Square Garden, Munce scored a k. o. over the local 200-lb. lumberjack, but if Munce has improved, Rioux has become a past master. Rioux fairly toyed with his conqueror who seemed even cruder than he really was.

In the semi-final Jack Ward, heavyweight stablemat of Rioux, knocked out Ruthell, a dusky battler from Chile. A few well timed punches were all that were needed for Ruthell to measure his length on the canvas. "Yessuh, one round am enuff fo' me," thought the "Chilean."

In a fast six-round preliminary George Chabot won by a wide margin over Louis "Kid" Mitchell, a rangy lightweight from Quebec. In the opening six rounder Jack Dushin, University Settlement bantam, was knocked out by Gerald Beaudin in the first round. Beaudin is improving with every start and will soon be battling the topnotchers. Since turning pro a couple of months ago, Beaudin has had three fights, winning two by knockouts and one by decision.

"Doc" Gadbois expects to keep his two big boys quite busy this fall. He already has half a dozen matches booked and as many tentative ones. In Ward, the Doc has an experienced battler who boasts of many knockouts, Bob Lawson among others. The conqueror of "Kid" Norfolk was knocked out in two rounds by Ward not so long ago. Elzear Rioux is a fast improving young heavy in whom the doctor has great faith of some day attaining prominence as a title contender.

Leo Kid Roy came to town for a few days prior to settling down to hard work at his training camp in the mountains. Roy met Bud Dempsey at Lowell on September 17. Hard work and mountain air have put the Canadian featherweight champ in perfect condition for a strenuous campaign. Roy versus Billy Defoe and Roy versus Eddie Brady are a couple of prospective matches for Montreal in the near future.

Walter Harris, local promoter, is planning a big carnival to be held at the Forum shortly in which he intends to feature George Delongchamps, the popular local heavyweight wrestler against Wladek Zbysko or some other good grappler from across the line. Harris promoted weekly shows at an East End ball park wherein he featured Delongschamp against several good matmen who invariably were

On August 17, at Quebec, Ralph McNaughton scored his twenty-fifth k. o. victory in fifty battles. "Irish" Jimmy Galvin of Halifax, alleged bantam champion of the Maritimes, was the victim. A left hook to the jaw in the fifth round was the deciding punch. In the eighth round, semi-final, Joe Villeneuve kayoed Billy Green in the third round, thereby retaining his belt and title of flyweight champion of the province of Quebec.

Jack Rogers and Louis Murphy, better known sa the pugilistic firm of "Slitkin and Slotkin," are loud in their praises of Myer Cohen, formerly "Kid" Carson of Holyoke, Mass. The "firm" in behalf of Cohen defy any welterweight to step into the same ring with Myer.

INDIANA NOTES

By NOBLE "KID" CHISMAN

Ray Hahn, Indiana lightweight champion, outpointed Joe Lockhart of Evansville at Evansville, Ind., August 1st. Hahn won decisively and scored a knockdown in the tenth round.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute bantam terror, won the popular decision over Bushy Graham of Utica, N. Y., in a furious ten-round go at Aurora, Ill., August 1st.

Merle Alte, Indiana featherweight champ, was a shade better than Art Wander of Buffalo, N. Y., in the ten round double windup at Louisville, Ky., August 4. Alte carried the late rounds of the fight while the Buffalo lad was better in the early milling.

In the other windup, Happy Atherton, Indianapolis flyweight, stepped up another notch towards the title by outpointing Tommy Hughes of Detroit. This is the first time Hughes was ever beaten.

Indianapolis has another promising youngster in the flyweight crop, Don Coyle, the fighting street car conductor who has shown up to advantage so far.

After an absence of many months from the ring, Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis contender for the world's light heavyweight championship, outboxed Joe Lohman of Toledo, Ohio, in the main go of the first show at Ft. Ben Harrison, August 4. If Lohman had stepped out of his shell Chuck would probably have stopped him. The largest crowd of the season wsa present, in fact there were more fans than seats. George Gramell of Terre Haute, refereed.

In the semi-windup, Tommy Irvine, formerly of Tulsa, Okla., now of Indianapolis, outpointed Johnny Walker of the 6th Cavalry. In one of the preliminaries, Abe Kabakoff of Memphis, severely punished Johnny Murphy in six rounds. Kabakoff took the bout on one hour's notice.

Ray Dodd, of Indianapolis, stopped Jack Moore of Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., in 4 rounds.

Happy Atherton, Indiana flyweight champion and Indianapolis contender for the flyweight title of the world, scored his first K. O. victory of his ring career, August 6, in the new Brightwood Arena, when he connected straight on the button and sent Joe Marco of Philadelphia, into the land of twittering birdies in the sixth round of the scheduled ten-round windup.

In the eight round semi-windup Billy Long of Terre Haute and Royal Cox of Brightwood, went to a draw. Every man on the card was a flyweight or a bantam.

Louis Epstein showed some of his ex-famous brother Solly's stuff by putting the dimmer on Eddie Case of Evansville in the fourth round of a six-round session. Eddie Weber, ex-welterweight sensation refereed.

Ray Hahn, Indianapolis lightweight, fought a draw with "Farmer" Joe Cooper, the midwest lightweight champion, of West York, Ill., at Ft. Harrison, August 11th. Jack Reynolds of Muncie, junior lightweight champion, knocked out Tate Langford of Louisville in the 4th round of the semi-windup. Reynolds caught his opponent on the jaw with a swinging right and Langford was flattened. It was a splendid scrap, Langford offered plenty of action and he was boring in when Jack let drive with the haymaker.

Reamer Roberts, Indianapolis bantam, was awarded the point decision over Copper Pence of Ft. Thomas, Ky., in six rounds.

Freddie Parker, of Indianapolis, 147 lbs., and Jack Lawler of Cincinnati, 150 lbs., went six rounds to a draw.

Jack Stewart, Louisville flyweight, was awarded the decision over Chuck Gary of Terre Haute, in six rounds of give and take.

In the main scrap at the Ft. Harrison show August 18, Joe Lucas, Detroit bantam, stopped Pinky May of Savannah, Ga., the Southern flyweight champion, in the 7th round. May was down for the third time when his manager tossed in the towel to save the game lad further punishment.

In the semi-windup of eight rounds, Jimmy McDermitt of Terre Haute, outpointed Johnny Croake of Chicago. Bud Taylor was in McDermitt's corner. Rip Wilson outboxed Freddie Barker in six rounds. Charlie Shine and Emil Baksic went six rounds to a draw.

Maxie Epstein, Indianapolis bantam, and one of a trio of fighting brothers, knocked out Danny Baxter of Lima, Ohio, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round bout, which was a thriller while it lasted. The scrap was held at Brandy Park, near Greenfield, Ind., August 20th.

Freddy Parker, Indianapolis middleweight, outpointed Jimmy Dell of Louisvill, Ky., in the ten round main go at Evansville, Ind., August 21st. Larry Priutt of Indianapolis, former Indiana amateur champ of the bantams, outpointed Bat Ruth of Louisville in the eighth round semi-windup.

Pinky Crosby of Franklin, Ind., former navy middleweight champion, is now under the management of C. L. Milton berger, of Nils, Mich. Eddie Heverin, Louisville fight promoter, is trying to match him with Soldier Buck of Louisville or Roy Wallace of Indianapolis.

Lieut. Porter, Ft. Harrison promoter, is trying to stage a bout between Chuck Wiggins and Mike McTigue, September 25.

Referee Eddie Weber awarded Jack Warner the decision over Kewpie Trimble, in six rounds of furious scrapping. It was the largest crowd of the outdoor season that witnessed the scrap. They were jammed like sardines.

Louis Epstein, Indianapolis flyweight, younger brother of Solly and Maxie, kayoed Clifford Flanner in the third round of a scheduled ten round go at Greenfield, Ind., August 27. Epstein displayed marked improvement in his boxing.

The largest crowd of the season at the Brightwood boxing arena, filled the suburban bowl Friday, August 28, and witnessed an entertaining program of boxing. In the ten round main go Roy Wallace, Brightwood's own, took an edge in his scrap with Johnny Mack, Cincinnati middleweight. Wallace hurt his hand in the fourth round and was unable to cut loose with his haymaker. In one of the eight round semi-windups, Royal Co, Brightwood bantam, slipped a slumber sock to Young Walters of Columbus in the second round. Cox was in top shape in the other eight rounds of the semi-windup. Billy Murray of East Chicago, earned the palm over Young Ketchell of Dayton.

Billy Moore beat Kid Critchley in six rounds. In another six rounder Ted Hunt and Buddie Hall appeared even. Both were knocked down in the 4th.

Lieut. Porter announced that Jimmy Finley, Louisville welterweight, and K. O. Yutzy of Baltimore, would meet in a double main go at Ft. Harrison, September 1, and Sidney Glick and Johnny Horwath would meet in the other.

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis contender for the world's light heavyweight title, is training hard at his cottage at Liberty Beach with his sparring partners, Roy Wallace, Bobbie Lee and Jack Leslie, former colored heavywieght, for his coming bout with John Risko, Cleveland heavyweight sensation, at Ft. Harrison, September 15.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.

HYPNOTISM

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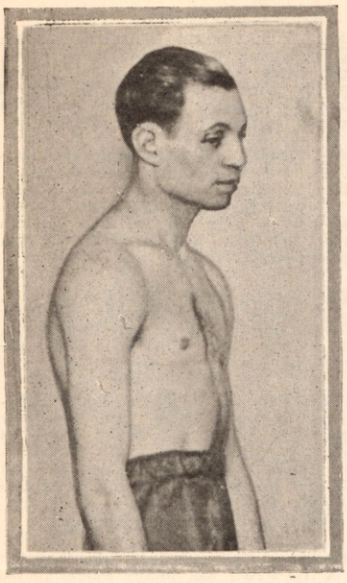
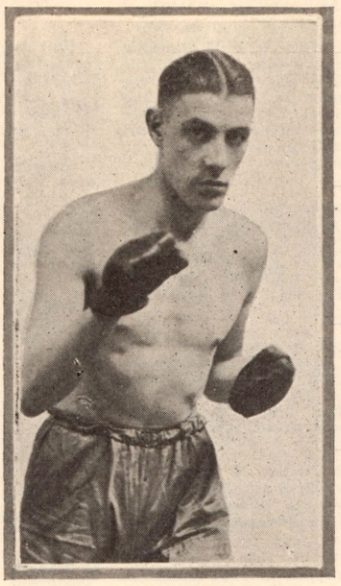
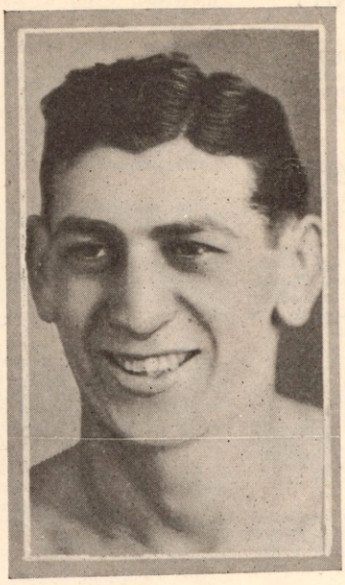


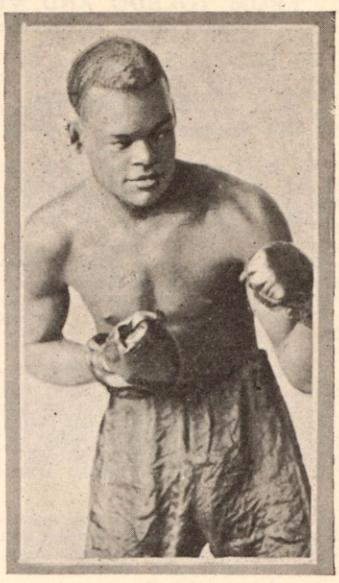
Benny Gersche, crack feather-weight of Cleveland.



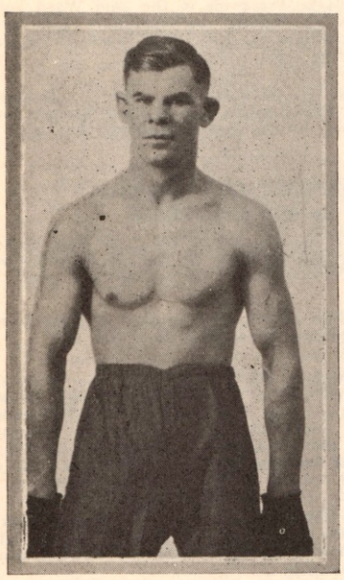
Hughey Manson, Homestead, Pa., flyweight contender.



Jack Silver, the Frisco Flash, the Coast's latest lightweight sensation.

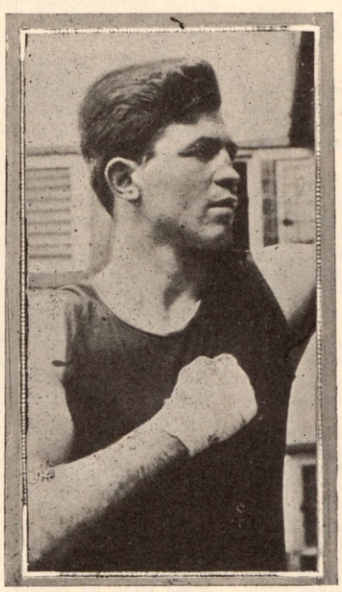


Joe Hall, the Buffalo Bison, a good lightweight from the South.

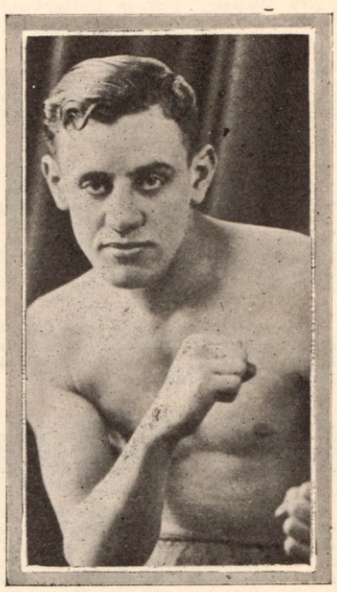


Tommy Milton, Toledo, Ohio. crack welterweight.

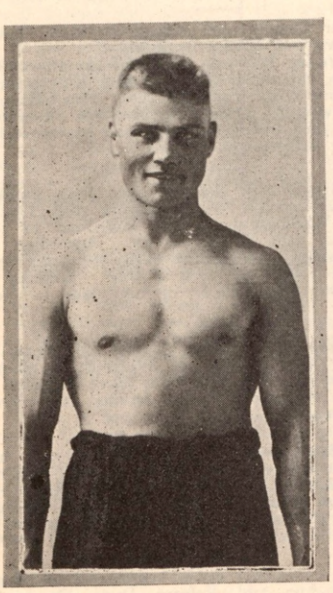
Ralph Nischo, of Brooklyn, a new bantam boxer



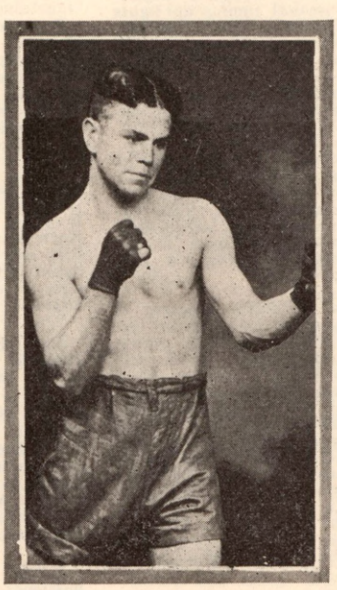
Boy McCormick, of Dublin, who will box in Halifax shortly.



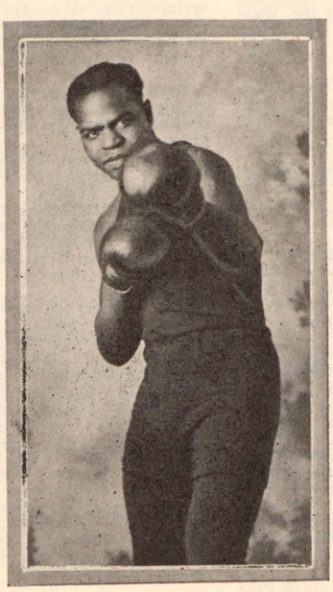
Joe Azzarella, a clever light-weight from Milwaukee



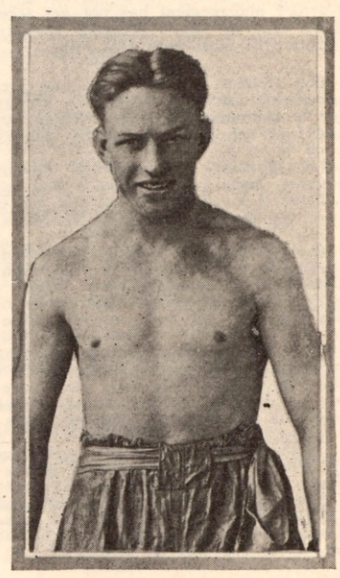
Chuck Lambert, young middle-weight from Minneapolis, has been coming to the fore rapidly.



Tip O'Neil, featherweight contender of Knoxville, Tenn.



"Canadian" Joe Gans, who claims the welterweight championship of Canada.



Red O'Harrigan, Minneapolis welterweight who shows much promise.

FROM TOLEDO AND VICINITY

By PHILIP J. GANZERT

The low-priced bout kept up its drawing power here during the month of August, and some well-packed houses witnessed several top-notch shows. The shows were staged at the Lucas County Armory by Shea Brothers and Ad Thatcher.

On August 12, Ad Thatcher, in behalf of the Eagles, presented a card featuring Dick Evans of Youngstown, and Johnny Gill from York, Pa., middleweight. Evans won all the way.

In the preliminaries Tommy Milton of Toledo, kayoed Joe Rivers, and Chuck Byers, also of Toledo, returned to the ring after a long lay-off caused by an accident, and kayoed Battling Spinella of Elyria, O.

Incompetent management does more to kill off a young boxer than a dozen tough fights in the ring. The young boxer who leaves the manager who has brought him to the top and listens to the false promises of those who are trying to lure him away, always suffers for his follishness. We recall one instance that happened locally not long ago.

Rocky Kansas is said to be training for one more come-back in the ring. Kansas would like a shot at his fellow townsman, Jimmy Goodrich, now recognized as lightweight champion by the New York State Athletic Commission.

Jack Singer's heavyweight, Tony Stabeneau, boxed Dixie Kid at Syracuse, Sept. 1, and won by a knock-out in two rounds.

Art Wander, Buffalo featherweight, is training hard again after a layoff of several months, due to a broken hand.

Jimmy Slattery's win over Maxie Rosenbloom sort of reinstate "Slats" in New York but Jimmy's real test will come with the Tommy Loughran match at the Polo Grounds. Slattery should outpoint Loughran, as he is too fast for him.

Willie Lavin, nephew of the late Paddy Lavin, famous welterweight and middleweight star of a few years ago, is going good here as a welterweight. Young Lavin has fought six fights, winning four, losing one and drawing once. His bout with Teddy Dean, the Ithaca lad, was a great fight and an even on.

Jimmy Mack has taken over the affairs of Johnny McGreggor, the Hamilton, Ont., bantam. Under Mack's guidance McGreggor should have an exceptionally good season.

Freddy and Christy Mueller, who have been laying off during the hot months, will get going again early this fall. The Mueller boys always put up a good scrap and give action aplenty.

Art Weygand, Buffalo's new light-heavyweight star, was operated upon at the Sisters' hospital last week. The operation was a minor one and Art will soon be boxing regularly again. His two draws with Jock Malone and Mike McTigue and his win over Battling Siki have placed the young southpaw close to the top of the light-heavyweight division.

Weygand sprang quite a surprise locally when he threw down the gauntlet to Jimmy Slattery and challenged "Slats" to do battle in the ring. The Slattery management has not yet accepted the Weygand defi, but there is every reason to believe the boxers will meet here this fall.

Bob Holmes, middleweight, and Jack Oakes, welterweight, crack colored boxers, are getting in shape for a strenuous campaign. These boys are two of the best negro boxers in the country.

Lou Scazza, new sensation among our middleweights, looks and acts like a real fighter. Lou has a habit of knocking 'em out and will be a great card here this winter.

Bert Finch is on a diet! The rotund manager returned from his sojourn in California many pounds lighter than when he went West. Finch weighed 225 when he left Buffalo and he is now scaling 205. He hopes to get down to 180 before spring.

The boxing game continues to run on a very good paying basis in Toledo, both to boxers and local promoters. The fans here have taken kindly to the plan of holding shows weekly in the big spacious armory with popular prices prevailing.

Jackie Nichols, of Detroit, decisively outpointed Walter Grayjack of Milwaukee, in the twelfve round main event on Ad. Thacher's show of August 6. There was not much action displayed in this bout. Nichols would occasionally cut loose and shower Grayjack with gloves but the little Milwaukeean was not in a bad way at any time.

Results of other bouts on the Nichols-Grayjack card were: Louis D'Arco of Cleveland, kayoed Johnny O'Keefe of Columbus, Chuck Byers of Toledo, administered another sleep poke to Battling Spinella of Sandusky; Harry Forbes of Columbus, outpointed Johnny Andrews of Toledo, and Tommy O'Neill of Cleveland, boxed a draw with Sammy Lupica of Toledo.

Johnny Gill, of York, Pa., made a sorry showing against Dick Evans, of Youngstown, Ohio, in the feature bout of a card which was staged for the entertainment of visiting Eagles who were attending the big national convention here. Evans was in there trying throughout the twelve rounds but the bout was very uninteresting to the spectators owing to Gill's peculiar defensive tactics.

The semi-final resulted in a win for Tommy Milton of Toledo, over Joe Rivers of Cleveland, after eight rounds of hot milling. Doug. Gray of Fremont, outpointed Gyp Williams of Toledo in another eight-rounder, and Babe Kellar of Cleveland outfought Sammy Lupica of Toledo, in a six round slam-bang affair.

The Shea Bros. were forced to cancel their show set for August 20, in which Harry Fay of Louisville, Ky., and Soldier King of Grand Rapids, Mich., were to have been the principals. Ray reported with a badly cut eye and rather than make a substitution on short notice, the date was passed up.

Eddie Mack, popular local handler of boxers, has taken over the big East Toledo A. C. Gym. Eddie is remodeling the place and will welcome visiting boxers to make his gym their headquarters during their stay in Toledo.

Joe Packo, of Toledo, journeyed to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, where he battled Chuck Wiggins, the Indianapolis light heavyweight star, to a ten round draw decision. It was a sensational bout, from the spectators' point of view, with Packo holding a clear lead during the first half of the setto but Wiggins evened matters by a whirlwind finish in the latter rounds. E. W. Dickerson, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was the referee.

Butch Carr, Toledo heavyweight, who also appeared on the Packo-Wiggins card, stowed Jack Butler away in the third round of a scheduled ten round bout.

George Fifield, Canadian welterweight king, has returned from Iroquois where he has been rusticating for the past few weeks. Fifield looks the "proverbial million dollars." He intends to settle down for a strenuous winter campaign.

The latest border city despatches read that Big Bill Clemons, a likely Southern light heavyweight, will bounce into town at an early date. Big Bill has fought Stribling in no-decision bouts, also Bob Martin; licked Wild Bill Reed, Joe White, Jim Hollane, Marine Tolliver and others. It is claimed that Clemons is a real prospect, of 22 summers. If this is the case, he can be assured of plenty of work around this territory.

It is likely that Chris Newton, junior lightweight champion, who has matches in view with Sammy Mandell and Mike Ballerino, at East Chicago, will be seen in action soon with Ray Romney. These two socksters will more than make the fur fly.

Well known to the fans a few years ago as welterweight champion of the Canadian expeditionary forces till one of Bill Kaiser's bullets made a hole in his leg, Danny Johnstone crept back into the game when he opened a first class "gym" on Gerrard St., East. There is no doubt that the ever-obliging Danny will get a big membership from the local brigade of athletes.

Harry Henning, claimant of the Canadian middleweight title, is booked for several tuning up fights before the season is in full swing. Harry has improved his hitting and all-round abilities and should become a prime favorite with the local fight lovers.

Curley Wilshur, ex-featherweight champion, has resumed training. He may battle some good opponent on the next card.

At the recent benefit show in aid of two well known boosters of amateur sport, "Dad" Sawyer and Willie Frankel, now in a hospital, a flock of embryo champions were seen in action. The outstanding youth was a hard-punching Jewish boy, "Young" Cohen. He promises to become a real battler before long. He should be mixing it with the best of them at his poundage.

Ad. Thacher presented a wonderful program of bouts for his show of August 26, which most certainly earned the approval of even the most critical of fight fans here. The main event, which was scheduled for twelve rounds, brought together Johnny Datto, Cleveland Filipino, and Herbie Schaffer, of Chicago. Datto lived up to the advance press notices of his terrific punching powers and showed promise of being a really great fighter in the near future. Schaffer took a bad beating in the second round, being sent to the mat twice but the little Chicagoan rallied and fought brilliantly thereafter, winning several rounds by a big margin. The bout ended rather abruptly in the tenth stanza however, when Schaffer ran into one of Datto's short right hooks and was counted out after making several futile attempts to rise.

The preliminaries, in keeping with the main event, were excellent. In the smi-final Tommy Milton, of Toledo, continued his recent string of victories by putting Scotty Flynn of Cleveland, away in the fifth.

IN UPPER NEW YORK

By ROCKY CONTI

Phil Verdi, local bantamweight champion, has returned after a successful trip to Hollywood, Calif., where he stopped Ernie Schlegel in 4 rounds. Verdi will return to the Pacific Coast on the 26th of September where he probably will meet Fidel La Barba who recently dethroned Frankie Genaro.

Anthony Lefty Thomas, the Adonis of the Genesee Valley A. C., who in his last three bouts before the local fans, defeated Phil Logan, Pete August and Joe Hall, colored lightweight champion, has resumed training after a long lay off and after a few bouts under his belt will be ready for a chance at Jimmy Goodrich's title.

Augusto Rodola, bantamweight champion of Italy, has arrived in this country and will make Rochester his home. Rodola's ambition is to get Phil Verdi, local champion, in the ring with him when the Genesee Valley starts running its weekly shows.

Alf Wade of England, one of the cleverest lightweights that ever appeared before local fans, who recently defeated Phil Logan and K. O. Ferry of McKeesport, Pa., is wondering why all the lightweights in this section of the state refuse to meet him. Wade has met the best boys in his division in England and thinks that he can easily defeat Jimmy Goodrich, our new lightweight champion.

Stanley Felerski, former amateur middleweight champion and k. o. artist, has finally made up his mind to turn professional and will soon apply for a license. Felerski has won all his bouts by the k. o. route, each bout not lasting more than two rounds.

Johnny Kosolaski, the pride of the 22nd Ward and one of Rochester's leading featherweights who has met the best around western New York State, is rapidly recovering from a long illness.

Billy Moody of Philadelphia, who is making Rochester his headquarters, is sticking around for a bout with Joe Trippie and soon might get it.

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY LOVERIDGE

Since Connecticut has adapted the "One Man Commission" under the guidance of Thomas Donahue of New London, boxing has taken an upward trend.

Waterbury, New Haven and Bridgeport have been leading the field in the staging of shows.

Waterbury holding the Kid Kaplan-Babe Herman championship contest at Brassco Park, over 12,000 fans jammed their way into the large baseball park to witness the bout. Official figures fo the Kaplan-Herman bout showed 11,995 paying a total of $59,-180.50. Kaplan receiving $19,000 and Herman slightly short of $10,000.

New Haven has boxing shows every other week. They are conducted by the Nutmeg Athletic Club under the expert direction of Anthony Paolillo, the popular matchmaker.

Paolillo gives the fans real action cards. On Thursday, September 3, he had Tony Travers, lightwight champion of the state, meet Cuddy De Marco of Pittsburgh, in the main event of ten rounds.

Commissioner Donahue has named the state champions in the various classes as follows:
Flyweight, Young Rollinson, Ansonia; bantamweight, Mike Esposito, Stamford; featherweight, Kid Kaplan, Meriden; lightweight, Tony Travers, New Haven; junior welterweight, Pinky Burns, New London; middleweight, Jack Delaney, Bridgeport; heavyweight, Eddie Keeley, Bridgeport.

The welterweight title was to have been decided between Sheik Leonard of Bridgeport and Tracey Ferguson of Wallingford, in the semi-final to the Kaplan-Herman bout at Waterbury. According to fans and newspapers the Sheik easily defeated Ferguson but the referee called it a draw. Leonard is without a doubt the leader of his class in New England.

Mike Esposito should give Young Mulligan of Norwalk and Chick Dorsey of Westport a chance at the bantam title as both boys have as good a record as the champion, besides having the following of the fans.

Joe King, featherweight of Bridgeport, who has been boxing at Jersey City the past summer, has returned to Bridgeport. He made his Connecticut entry at Ansonia whn he held the veteran Georgie Proto of New Haven, to an eight-round draw in the semi-final.

A feud has broke out again betwene State Commissioner Donahue and Referee Dave Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald thinks that he should have been the third man in the ring at the Kaplan-Herman bout but Commissioner Donahue picked a neutral referee when he decided to have Jack Sheehan of Boston handle the contest.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Participating in four consecutive encounters in 11 days is the **local record that** Pedro Campo, the Filipino lightweight of Philadelphia, hung up in Miami during the preceding month. Campo disposed of Charley Pittman in four frames; defeated Bogie Saab in a 10-rounder; knocked out Dick Leonard in six stanzas and then defeated Joe Cook of New Orleans over the full distance of 10 rounds.

Campo proved to be the biggest sensation that ever graced a local arena. Ever since the last appearance in Miami of Young Stribling, when the fans were unable to gain admittance to the local sluggery, Campo not only duplicated that feat, but the crowds were turned back before the first preliminary had started. The Filipino's sensational style of battling took the crowds by storm and he was cheered lustily at every appearance.

It's our opinion, that Joe Cook, of the quartette, gave Campo his hardest encounter. The New Orleans featherweight showed class in every round and while he dropped the "duke" he did not lose by such a big margin. Body punching by the Filipino practically whipped all his adversaries. Campo is listed to appear again in Miami on Labor Day.

With the last appearance of Campo meeting Cook in Miami, Matchmaker Ed Douglass of the Biscayne stadium realized that alterations were necessary to handle the throngs for the coming winter season, so cancelled all future shows and turned the arena over to contractors with orders to enlarge the seating capacity and to place the ring in the center of the stadium. The re-opening is scheduled for Labor Day.

Anthony Corrado, the Philadelphia promoter and manager of Campo came to Miami the night of Pedro's third tilt. Corrado on leaving for the Quaker City with his protege, stated to the writer: "If I were to tell the home folks what I have seen in Miami; its vast possibilities, they would greet me with disbelief, so I shall keep mum." The writer handled Campo in all four engagements.

Two of the greatest boxers of all time, Jack Britton, ex-welterweight champion of the world, and Jack Dillon, the Hoosier bear-cat, the "giant killer" of yesteryear, recently graced the arena in Miami in the capacity as referees. Both these sterling ringsters were greeted with welcome arms by the local fans. Britton is located at Hollywood, while Dillon will remain in Miami.

Mentioning the name of Jack Dillon, we cannot see why the experts who tickle the keys about the greats of the ring, fail to mention this really great veteran. Dillon undoubtedly was one of the greatest ringsters of his time, yet despite this fact, one rarely reads of his achievements.

It has been several years since the writer last saw Jack Britton. In fact the last meeting occurred in Connellsville, Pa., where Britton kayoed Al Doty of Canton, Ohio, in two rounds. Yet despite the many years that Britton has devoted to the ring, Jack impressed us as looking just the same as when he was wearing the diadem of king of the welters.

Joe Gallagher, formerly of Philadelphia, but now a Miamian, whose long connection with ring affairs has made him nationally known and who assisted the writer in seconding Campo in his recent Miami campaign, is now located with one of the biggest realty concerns in this vicinity. Incidentally, Joe is well blessed with plenty of this world's lubricant.

Miami will become the headquarters of one of the cleverest lightweights that the game has produced. Johnny Donnelly, the Uniontown, Pa., warrior, has written the writer that he will arrive about the first of September. Donnelly is a remarkable fast and clever performer who will undoubtedly go over "big." Johnny has clashed with such stars as Rocky Kansas, Lew Tendler, Joe Tiplitz, Oakland Jimmy Duffy, Bobby Barrett, Phil Salvatore, Eddie Fitzsimmons, Bobby Ward, Ray Pryel, Willie Herman and numerous others.

Tillie "Kid" Herman, great Pacific coast welter, is another who anticipates a Miami invasion. The "Kid" is expected to arrive here shortly from San Antonio, Texas, where he is filling several engagements. Herman has long been considered one of the best welters developed around the Golden West. Tillie is exceptionally clever, a flashy ringster who is bound to win favor with the local fans.

Frank A. Suarez, of Havana, Cuba, one of the best posted fans on the Island and an ardent supporter of the slam game, has recently written the writer suggesting some boys to invade the Cuban metropolis. Mr. Suarez informs us that Cuba has been invaded by a number of Spanish boxers who are traveling good and wants the writer to suggest some American boxers to mingle with them.

Eddie Maguire, former Atlantic City promoter, evidently referees in a satisfactory manner. Maguire handles practically all the star assignments in Miami and the fans are under the impression he is the "best ever," which incidentally is our opinion.

Al A. Day of Detroit, who was named alternate referee of the Billy Miske-Jack Dempsey bout that took place in Benton Harbor, Mich., some five years ago, is a Miami visitor. Day, a former boxer who battled the great little champion, Jimmy Barry, a quarter of a century or more ago, expects to remain in the Magic City, despite the fact that he has a large drug business in the Motor City. It is probable that Day is looking the field over as to opening a branch store. Should Al remain, he undoubtedly will act as a referee along with Eddie Maguire at the local stadium.

With the closing of the Biscayne stadium in Miami for extensive alterations, it marks the passing of its matchmaker, Ed Douglass, into the National Guardsmen camp at Fort Johnson, near Jacksonville. Douglass is a mess sergeant of the Miami unit and the boys of "bout face" and K. P. swear they could not very well get along without 'im. Ed gives 'em plenty of good chow.

"Jersey" Jones, manager of Ralph Brady and other boxers of New York City, is expected to make the leap to Miami shortly. "Jersey" knows his stuff thoroughly and should he decide to forsake Gotham, his appearance in the Magic City would undoubtedly be an asset to the game here.

Phil Pritchard, over in West Palm Beach, undoubtedly will shortly swing into action. Last season during the winter months, Pritchard had the honor of getting the best "gates" in the state. Whether Miami will take the lead the coming season remains to be seen.

Barney Adair, popular Irish lightie of New York, and one of the vast aggregation of Leo "Publicity" Flynn's stable of knuckle dusters, evidently is planning another entry to the Magic City. Barney recently wrote to Matchmaker Douglass, asking for an available date.

Dick Baker will no doubt remain idle until the weather chills a bit—if that's possible. The popular Miami feather has an out-door position that saps his strength considerably and his manager deems it advisable that he remain idle until the fall season starts.

Garner Johns, Tampa flyweight, is looked upon in some quarters in Miami of having an excellent chance to win titular honors. No doubt the little fellow will shortly get the acid test when the game swings into action again in Miami.

Tampa, over on the west coast, may again become one of Florida's hot-beds of fistiana. Bill Rogers, a veteran of Philadelphia, known to the writer for over twenty-five years, when he was considered one of the cleverest bantamweights of the Quaker city, and continuously active with the game ever since as a manager of sterling boxers and a referee, is being sought to handle the matchmaking for the 116th Artillery of the "City of Cigars."

Mickey Forkins, well-known Chicago writer, who has clashed with Jimmy Jones five times and won the popular verdict, is in Miami.

"Irish Patsy" Mayo, hard hitting featherweight of Buffalo, stable mate of Rocky Kansas, is expected to make Miami his headquarters the coming season.

Ken Burriss, accompanied by Nick Jones, Carolina correspondent for THE RING, were recent visitors in Miami. Burriss remained and battled Happy Henry over in St. Petersburg recently.

Frankie Rice, Baltimore's hard-socking lightie, accompanied by Jack Fitchner, former promoter of Charleston, S. C., blew into the Magic City with Rice, carrying a chip on his shoulder.

Tampa is housing some excellent battlers. The outstanding stars are Maria Fernandez, Cuban feather champion; Charlie Daiz, 118-pounder; Willie Guitterrz, 122 pounds; Young Manuel, 124 pounds. These youths, all Cubans, have the knack of delivering a fast brand of milling.

Charley Pitts, globe trotting Australian lightie, makes his debut before a Miami gathering. Another Miami favorite, Artie McCann, Philadelphia feather, is another glove wielder booked for an early appearance.

FLORIDA NOTES

By E. McCORMICK

Ken Burris, of North Carolina, won from Happy Henry of Houston, Tex., on a foul in the seventh.

Oscar Coleman defeated Willie Gutterize of Tampa in ten bangup rounds.

Boots Antley beat Mike Lofely in ten rounds and Tony Leto beat Young Lewis in eight rounds.

Many fighters from the North are in Florida, including Jack Carr, Jimmy Watts, Ken Burris, Joe Malone and many others.

Jackie Coble, Indiana's sensational little white-headed featherweight is now in Tampa looking for trouble. He would like to meet Silver, Antley or Baker. This little fellow has met the best in the game and should clean up the feathers down here. He is a former sparring partner of Bud Taylor and his style is somewhat similar to Taylor's.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The Utah Kid came back! The year's rest did the great Bangor welter a world of good and that four months' stiff training put him back in old time shape as was evident when he knocked out Pat Rooney of Portland at the Bar L Ranch, Newport, in two rounds on August 14. Young Josephs of Waterville, went six rounds with the Kid a week later, but Utah took every round and had Josephs on the verge of a K. O.

Kid Stanchfield got a draw with Young Rooney, Lewiston bantam, at Milo, on July 29, and outpointed Larry Walsh, his Dexter rival, a few weeks later.

Lou Bedell won the much press-agented bout with K. O. Liberty in Portland, August 14. Referee Tom Breen threw the Lewiston lightweight out of the ring after he had fouled Lou three times in two rounds. This victory gives Bedell the state lightweight title.

Jack Flavin, who in times past has been Portland High's football star, two years captain at Georgetown University, twice mentioned on Walter Camp's All-Americans, and semi-pro baseball hero at East Millinocket, is to enter the ring. Flavin, 200 pounds, but exceptionally fast, more than held his own with Sully Montgomery in a recent friendly bout.

Penobscot County fans would like to see Young Brown, Tom Travers' Biddeford welter, in action again. Brown, who had Cyclone St. Louis on the floor five times last spring, stopped Rip Vandyke in three rounds at Portland recently.

Billy Hindly, English bantam, who outpointed Jimmy (Kid) Rice and Lou Lambert here recently, was disqualified in the third round of his bout with Louie Prince of Manchester, N. H., August 4, for hitting on the break.

K. O. Stephens, Dexter youngster, who is handled by W. E. Nichols, is knocking 'em stiff in the featherweight class. Recent victims are Tommy Carver, Battling Quiron, and Young Gregory.

Francis Rossi, Welsh lightweight, had a shade the better of a cyclonic six-round battle with Lou Bedell at Portland, August 4. Rossi sent Lou crashing to the canvas once in the first round.

THE RING is going big on Maine newsstands now. In many cities it is impossible to purchase a copy one week after the current number has made its appearance.

Clarke Anderson (Kid Clarke) the colored funny man, whose antics keep the fans in an uproar, returned to Maine to take a licking from Young Drew. Drew, and his fighting brothers, Harry (Kid), Johnny and Junior, have been displaying a fine brand of fighting lately.

On August 26, at the Auditorium, Bangor, Dunc MacDonald staged "Maine's Greatest Fight"—a great fight although not financially successful. There were six bouts of six rounds each.

Eddie Shevlin's cleverness offset Rocky Smith's wallop and they finished even after some furious milling. Cyclone St. Louis of Old Town, was winning handily over Irish Barney Grant of Lewiston, when a broken hand slowed him up and saved Charley Turner's boy from a K. O.

Young Drew, of Biddeford, subbing for Tommy Fleurant, who contracted a last-minute case of cold feet, put it all over Johnny Ryan of Boston. Ryan, ex-Olympic champion, with 26 K. O.'s in 27 bouts, was badly battered by Drew's two fisted attack and nearly out.

IN WHEELING, WEST VA.

In Marine Tolliver, Wheeling has a coming heavyweight. Tolliver gave Jack Renault a tough ten-round battle recently, lasting the route. Tolliver is a good battler, with a heavy punch in either hand.

Jim Downing, matchmaker of the Ohio Valley Athletic Club, is sponsor for Tolliver. He is very enthusiastic over Tolliver's showing in the Renault bout.

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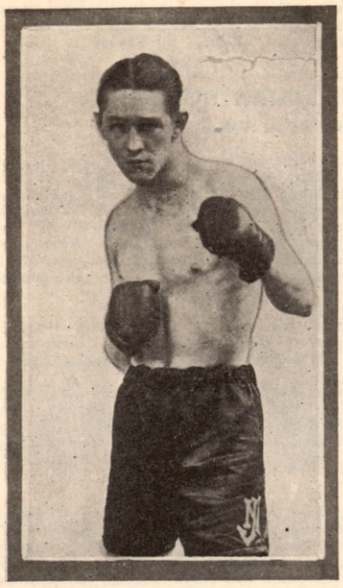
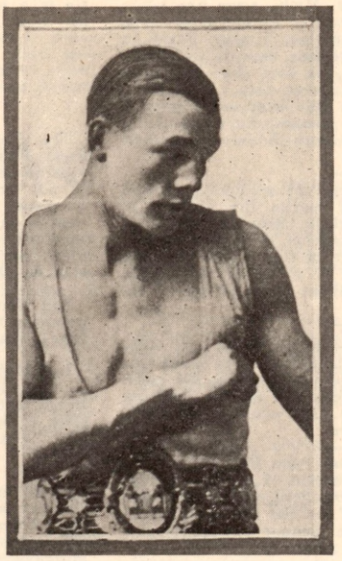
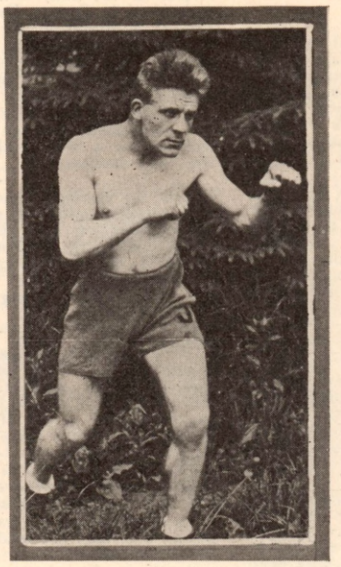


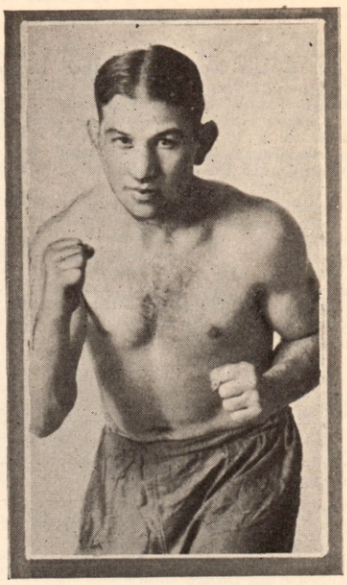
Joey Novak, Pittsburgh's star lightweight challenger of Jimmy Goodrich



Ernie Izzard who recently lost British lightweight title to Harry Mason



Jim Borde lightweight championship claimant of France



Meyer Cohen, welterweight from N. Y., formerly known as Kid Carson

IN NEW ORLEANS

Johnny Abrams, well-known local promoter of former years, has re-entered the boxing game locally and recently staged his inaugural in a gala way. His opening show featured Charlie O'Connel and Pal Moran in a fifteen round bout, which was voted a draw by the new judge system, which went into vogue that evening.

Abrams has some very influential connections in the fight game and is regarded as one of the shrewdest matchmakers in the country. He was largely instrumental in extracting the ill-fated Pilsbury Garden from a bad financial hole two winters ago—retiring thereafter to other business.

Promoter Abrams conducts a large billiard parlor here which is the mecca for local and visiting sportsmen. He has plans for several high class bouts this winter, one a championship affair.

The second show staged by Abrams was between Jack Lewis and Jack Griff, junior lightweights. Griff is the lad who held Eddie Brady to a draw in a bout here recently. Lewis is the South's newest knockout king and is the most likely looking boxing prospect seen here in a long time.

Al Pilsbury is another former promoter who has returned to the game. He is now acting as matchmaker for the American Legion here. He staged his opening show between Wild Bill Reed, veteran light heavyweight, and Louis Hill, local knockout sensation. Hill has scored seventeen knockouts in twenty starts. He is handled by Dutz Moret.

Pilsbury is the man who gave New Orleans its first big indoor boxing auditorium with the advent of the new boxing commission here in 1920. He held the place two years and was forced out because he could not renew the lease on the property.

Dominick Tortorich relinquished the boxing permit of the famous old Louisiana auditorium which burned last year, and now holds only one license—that in the name of the Tulane Club. Frank Joret, formerly his matchmaker, has retired and Arthur Marullo, father-manager of Tony Marullo, is acting as assistant to Mr. Tortorich.

Frankie Edwards, who erected the magnificent Coliseum Auditorium, is still in the business. He is touring the West in quest of a real high class attraction for the winter season. It is believed that Frankie has designs on showing Fidel La Barba here in a bout during the race season.

Lenny Elmer is still in the matchmaking business for the Young Mens' Gymnastic Club, but reports recently were that the Gymnastic Club would relinquish its permit at the expiration of the Coliseum lease in October.

There is a renewal of the talk about Martin Burke-Jack Dempsey match here this winter.

Basil Galiano made a successful debut in New York, engaging in some four fights, then returned to New Orleans because of illness of his wife. Galiano is being figured on for a bout with Jimmy Goodrich here this winter.

Johnny Cox has been active in the interests of Young Leonard, local lightweight, who knocked out Joe Matranga, and is said to have lined up several prospective bouts for his protege in the East. Matranga practically has retired from the game. He has lost two successive fights on fouls and made such a miserable showing in his last start, his friends advised him to go to work on the river somewhere.

Tony Marullo is still unable to get a suitable opponent to meet him in his home town. Most of his fights have been in the East where he has earned some nice purses.

Bobby Higgins, Charlie Rodriguez, Al Pettingill, Kid Koster and Henry Jungle are local boys who have been doing their share of fighting on the cards hereabouts recently.

All negro boxing cards have been drawing large crowds in recent months, they being staged at 50 cents and a dollar. Kid Meyers, Kid Sun, Eddie Palmer and Kid Hamilton are the leading boxers here.

An operation on his right hand has forced Amos "Kid" Carlin out of the ring for several months. The accident came just when Paul D. Lacroix, his hustling manager, had planned to go out with him and enter him in the flyweight elimination tourney. Carlin ranks as one of the best flyweights in the world.

A sliver of bone in Carlin's finger, the result of an accident in a saw mill several years ago, has produced inflammation and this has caused the young fighter much trouble.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

(The Bulletin)

Efforts are being made to bring Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran together at one of the Philadelphia ball parks before the open air season closes.

Jimmy Daugherty is still on the Pacific Coast with his black heavyweight, George Godfrey. The latter has made a hit in California and has enough work there to keep him busy for a while.

Since Sailor Freedman made such a good showing against Mickey Walker in East Chicago the latter part of August, Manager Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff has received a number of tempting offers for the former mid-west fighter's services. Freedman is now a resident of Philadelphia.

Sammy Hahn has unusual faith in the ability of Dave Adelman, a flyweight who won the Johnny Burns' belt in the Cambria tournament. Hahn will push Adelman to the front during the coming indoor season. Angel Gudichi, a featherweight, is another star in the Hahn stable.

Bill Dailey, who, as a promter of the Twentieth Century A. C., developed many promising fighters, plans another club near the center of the city. Dailey is also interested in boosting "Wee Willie" Davies, a Charleroi, Pa., flyweight, and Jimmy Berlstein, also from western Pennsylvania.

Charlie Loughran, a southpaw lightweight product of West Philadelphia, is being groomed for the professional ring this fall.

Lew Tendler, veteran southpaw lightweight, has not been seen in action since his battle with Joe Dundee at Shibe Park, but Manager Phil Glassman has outlined a number of bouts for him this fall and winter. Tendler is not through by any means.

Joe Kennedy, promoter and matchmaker at Carnival Park in West Manayunk, has been drawing big crowds to his weekly open air shows. It is just a short motor ride from Philadelphia and many of the Quaker City fans are seen in the turnouts.

Pussy Walker and Harry (Kid) Decker, stablemates, are training together daily for the opening of the indoor season.

Danny Kramer, accompanied by his manager, Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff, were ringside spectators at the recent Kid Kaplan-Herman bout in Waterbury, Conn., and Kramer challenged Kaplan again. Nothing would please the Philadelphia featherweight better than to get another chance at Kaplan.

Many improvements have been made to the Cambria Club by Promoter Johnny Burns. The seating capacity has been increased to 5,000 and the Kensington promoter expects a successful indoor season.

Messrs. Herman Taylor and Robert Gunnis will stage an all-star open air show at Shibe Park, September 23 in connection with the Italian fund benefit.

Since turning professional, Alex Bader has turned in a big string of victories. He will not want for work during the indoor campaign.

Ad Stone, the Fighting Marine, is in strict training again, and will be seen in action this fall. His eyesight was injured in his bout with Young Stribling last summer but he is back in shape again.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

The State officials put on a pip of a show on August 17, in aid of War Vets and it was given great support. Davy Jones, of the American Legion was the matchmaker.

The main bout brought together Sammy Mandell of Rockford, Ill., and Sid Barbarian, Detroit. This was a great fight all the way with Mandell proving much too clever for the Detroiter.

The next bout brought together Tommy Burns, Detroit, and Harry Greb. Greb took the fight on a day's notice, substituting for Jack Delaney, who contracted swollen tonsils while training. This fight was won by Greb, who just toyed with his rival.

Jimmy Brady was beaten by Solly Seaman in another bout that lasted but two rounds. Seaman had Brady down in the first and came out and finished him in the second.

Mickey Goldberg of Wis., and Clarence Rosen, Detroit, fought a very fast bout with Rosen handing Goldberg a severe pasting.

Dave Knight has just sold his protege, Johnny Mellow, for $1,000 to Sammy Pearlstein. Sammy must have something in mind for Mellow can fight and he will prove his worth to his new boss.

Phil McGraw, Detroit's best 130-pounder, made a great impression with the fans when he worked out with Solly Seaman and Sammy Mandell. The Greek is sure an improved fighter and will bear watching.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLEMAN J. NEE

Boston, the largest city in New England, is also the largest in the matter of fistic gate receipts. The clubs staging outdoor boxing shows in the city have fared better recently than at any time since boxing became legalized in this state. Outside of Boston the promoters have not fared so well. Clubs in Lowell, Salem and Lynn have "given up the ghost," leaving a clear field to the Bostonians.

The King Solomon-Jim Maloney bout had a very unsatisfactory ending both for principals and the legion of loyal boxing fans who have so generously supported boxing in this section of late. It was a finish that if it should happen again it would just about mean the exodus of boxing in this state and the cause of it all was a defective bell that should never have been used at an outdoor boxing show if the officials had been on the "qui vive."

It was the second meeting between the principles, Maloney having mon a close award in their previous melee so that more than 15,000 fans turned out for the encounter that had such a dramatic finish, a great tribute to the efforts of both boys in their first set-to. Maloney set the pace in the first round which he earned by his steady attack to the King. He maintained his lead in the second stanza although the King was getting his left working and let it be said right now that he has the greatest portside battery of any heavyweight in the "racket."

Then came the third round which was also Maloney's until he threw caution to the winds in his quest for a knockout. He dropped his left glove from his jaw for just an instant when the King scored with a terric right to the jaw, dropping Jimmy like a log. At the count of seven he was still motionless on the canvas, but that fighting heart of his carried him to his feet at the nine count and he tried vainly to clinch with Solomon who pushed him tottering away to measure him for a k. o. By this time the 15,000 fans were in a frenzy of excitement. The bell rang with a feeble, anemic ring, nobody but the timekeeper heard it. Solomon rushed in and landed a paralyzing right cross to Maloney's jaw dropping him for the full count.

Pandemonium broke loose. Fans and officials alike were hysterical for the moment and it looked like anybody's fight but cooler heads prevailed and when all was said and done, Maloney was awarded the bout on a foul, the referee, Brassil, ruling that Solomon landed the k. o. after the bell clanged. It was a dismal ending to what promised to be one of the greatest bouts between heavyweights ever staged in this section.

Solomon is, without a doubt, one of the most picturesque characters to invade the states in search of fistic honors in many years and is sure to have the S. R. O. sign hung out any time he invades Boston. As for Maloney, the fact that he will give Solomon a return bout any time the King is ready proves the caliber of his makeup, a real two-fisted fighter a little shy on experience, who will gain that requisite as he goes along. Both boys are still great friends and a credit to any profession.

Bud Gorman, the Western heavy, defeated Jack Sharkey here this month in a torrid bout and by so doing surprised the "wise boys" who were wagering that Sharkey would "cop" the decision. Gorman proved to be a classy fighter who knew just a little too much for Jack who did not display his usual pep. What he needs, and this goes for Jimmy Maloney also, is big, rugged boxers who can take their punches in the training quarters as this is just what is retarding their development. Gorman was a sparring partner of Tom Gibbons for his Dempsey bout and he sure showed plenty of Tommy's stuff against Sharkey.

Tiger Flowers defeated Jock Malone here this month in a scintillating bout that had the attention of the fans every minute of the ten rounds they fought. Malone was at a disadvantage as he conceded six pounds to the Tiger who also topped Malone in the matter of reach. Malone gave a great exhibition of blocking punches, in fact he was so adept at this stage of the game that many of the fans thought he was entitled to the decision which was earned by Flowers on his aggressiveness alone. Both boys are great showmen and past masters of the art of self-defense.

Matty Cordes, that great little bantamweight from Lynn, is going "on high" since he deserted the amateurs. His latest stunt was kayoing Eddie Zion before the fans of the Suffolk A. A. this month. Cordes is a great little kid in and out of the ring and is sure to bear watching.

Harry Goldstein, the flyweight star of Jim Toland's stable is finding it hard to get opponents to "take it" from him and is obliged to concede weight to get bouts. His mentor, Jim Toland, operates a gym exclusively for boxers at 126 Hanover Street, Boston, that is a model of its kind. Tiger Flowers, Jack Sharkey, Geo. Cook, Al Mello and a legion of lesser lights, make use of this gym.

Jack Murphy, the energetic manager of the Casino A. C. of Lynn, plans to reopen his club next month after a summer of inactivity.

Al Mello, crack welterweight from Lowell, stopped his fellow townie, Phinney Doyle, this month at Lowell. Boyle was no match for the hard-hitting Mello who is certainly stepping along under Bobby Goldman's piloting.

Tommy Nee, the hardest hitting bantamweight in New England, is planning to return to the game soon and has been working out with that end in view for some time up to the time of his temporary rtirement. Nee was the most sought for boxer in this section. With the advent of the local heavyweight craze he took a layoff but is now ready to give the game another whirl.

Jack Sheehan, the dean of New England referees, has now passed the 6,000 bout mark and looks good for many years more of "breaking the boys." He is a great character who has all the dope at his fingertips and his comment on boxers, past and present, is always interesting. He was selected to referee the recent bout between Kil Kaplan and Babe Herman at Waterbury.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By JERRY SACHS

Walter Taylor, genial matchmaker of the new Taylor Bowl, announces that he intends to put a roof on his outdoor arena and install a heating system in order to run indoor matches this coming fall and winter.

Tommy Freeman, the Arkansas kayo king, is the present sensation hereabouts. He knocked out Dave Forbes, Tommy Walsh's welterweight, and Mike Dempsey, Rochester mauler. Bob Sangster, manager, has been amply rewarded for hanging around about a year trying to break in. Freeman meets Jimmy Jones in the next main event staged by Matt Hinkel and Tommy McGinty at their arena in Brooklyn township, a suburb of Cleveland.

The "Nick Altrock of the boxing game" is the appropriate name for Frank Kraley, who is one of the funniest and wittiest fellows connected with the manly art in the country. Kraley is a valuable man for all of the local promoters and managers as he knows the ring racket from beginning to end, in spite of the fact that he is a natural born comedian.

Johnny Klesch, Cleveland middleweight, who is camping on the trail of Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh wind mill, has returned from the Jerry Sachs Health Camp on Lake Erie, where he spent the summer getting into first class condition and is now ready to meet any 160-pounder in the business. Klesch has fought with success Young Stribling, twice; Jimmy Slattery, Mike McTigue, Jock Malone, Tony Marullo, Bryan Downey, Jimmy Darrah, Dick Evans and in fact every one of the topnotchers.

Claiming pressure of business duties, Otis Skinner and Art Clules have both resigned from the Cleveland Boxing Commission. Safety Director Edwin Barry, chairman, is expected to announce Messrs. Clules and Skinner's successors before the opening of the Public Hall season around October 1.

Testing his hand in two fights with Red Chapman and Willie Ames, Al Corbett, local chief featherweight, is giving his hand, broken in his match with Joey Sanger at Milwaukee, more time to mend properly. While loafing, Corbett did a "Jack Dempsey" and got married. His pugilistic friends wish him the best of luck.

Tommy Galston, the Greek bantamweight, is expected to invade the local fistic fraternity in the near future. Galston hails from Wilkesbarre, Pa., and has compiled a great record. He has met Carl Tremaine, Cannon Ball Eddie Martin, the ex-bantam champ, and many others now battling in the 118-pound class.

Displaying the class that would do credit to a champion, Buddy Fraser, diminutive looking flyweight, is creating a wonderful impression on those who have seen him perform. Some of these days he will be amongst the leaders of his class. Like Fidel Labara, the newly crowned title holder, Fraser is just a youngster, being only 18 years of age.

When it comes to colorful and slugging fighting, Butch Carney, Ohio junior lightweight, is in a class by himself. Carney has been clubbing his way through the ranks of the feathers and one hundred and thirty pounders until the promoters in this section have decided to put him on some of the local cards. Doing most of his boxing away from his home baliwick, many of the local fans consider Carney a stranger in these parts.

Ray Campbell, fight editor on the Cleveland News, is spending his vacation at Atlantic City.

Carl Tremaine, bantamweight contender, won from Johnny Sheppard and Johnny Farr in his last two matches here.

Big John Risko and Manager Daniel Dunn are loafing these hot days.

Benny Gershey, the Woodland Ave. socker, is training and ready for any of them.

Joe Lewis has quit his job as assistant to Matt Hinkel and will devote his time to managing Benny Gershey.

Parson McGinty is still pounding out letters exploiting the ability of various fighters.

Suey Welch, promoter and manager of Akron, comes in regular for his boxers to feature his Rubber City programs.

Harold Walsh, Barberton impresario, pops in occasionally for a visit and also to secure Cleveland ring men.

Matt Hinkel has been on the side lines due to an attack of rheumatism.

Charles Murphy, secretary of the local commission, is ready for a busy season.

Eddie Moha, brother of Bob Moha, and manager of several gladiators, visited from Milwaukee.

Charles Marotta, old sphinx that he is, has not been seen or heard from all summer. He will be on deck this fall.

Frank Clark, old time timer, takes in all the shows in company with Sheriff Fred Kohler and former Public Safety Director Martinec.

Benny Ray is now managing Charles Raymond and Al Dundee.

Cleveland is the best town next to New York for fighters that can fight.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

By J. D. BECK

Charleroi held its third successful outdoor show of the season, August 4, featuring the veteran Johnny Donnelly, from Uniontown, one-time lightweight contender, with Young Saylor, Charleroi's latest fistic sensation. Saylor beat Donnelly in every one of the ten rounds fought. He possesses one of the prettiest left jabs in this neck of the woods.

The Duquesne Elks' boxing show, held Augut 17, featuring Cuddy Demarco and Sig Keppen, was one of the surprises of the season to the fistic fans of this vicinity. Keppen was not supposed to have had a show with the clever Demarco, but the result of the fight showed Keppen up as one who had given Demarco more trouble in ten rounds than Demarco experienced in his last two or three battles. Of course, Demarco carried both judges' decisions, but only after a very hotly contested battle.

The matchmakers showed very good judgment in selecting their preliminaries for the main bout. The semi-final featured Bobby Young, the flashy little Duquesne featherweight, with Frankie Porto from McKeesport. This bout was also a snappy six round battle with Porto landing the cleaner punches, but Young, with his short body blows and always forcing the fighting, made the bout very interesting. To the writer's judgment, a draw should have been the just verdict.

The balance of the card featured Jack Benton from Braddock, Frank Klaus's nephew, a "pocket edition of Klaus," meeting Joe Shurra, Mount Washington lad. Benton is a favorite here, having scored five consecutive knockouts. Of course, the fans were looking for a quick knockout over Shurre, but in Shurre, Benton found a tough lad who could give and take as well. They fought a good six-round draw. All in all, the show was one of the best held in Duquesne, being the first since the days of Jack Abbott and Frank Klaus, and it certainly went over big.

McKeesport's Majestic Club have announced that they expect to resume indoor shows about October 1. Promoter Jimmy McGirr is now working on a few bouts.

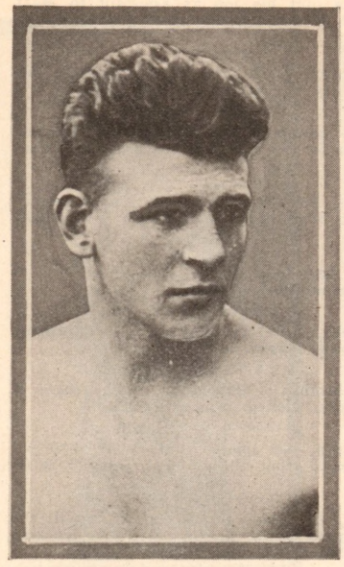
Johnny McGarvey, the popular Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh matchmaker, is hard at work mapping out his program for the fall season. He has several champions on the list to be seen at the Garden this fall.

A number of good and snappy battlers, including Jack McFarland, Kid Carpentier, Walter Dickerson, Micky Fedor, Teddy Walsh and a host of others are striving to give the fans enjoyment.

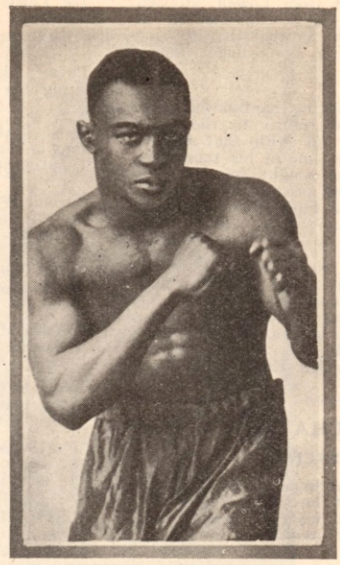
Managers or fighters wishing a direct representative in this district, mail news clippings with past records to the writer at Duquesne, Pa.

Joe Novak, Lawrenceville lightweight, has a hustling manager in Luke Carney. Novak should be in line for a few good bouts this winter, which should net him a nice piece of lucre. Carney is hard at work arranging them. One of the bouts he is after is a Novak-Demarco tilt. Not so fast, Luke, hold your "hosses."

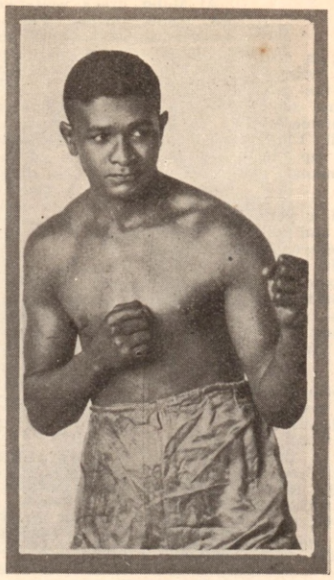
"Bad News" Taylor, McKeesport's bantam, is fast carving his name in the Ohio Hall of Boxing Fame. "Bad News" holds a knockout victory over the highly touted Midget Mike O'Dowd, and Mike has been after a return battle ever since.



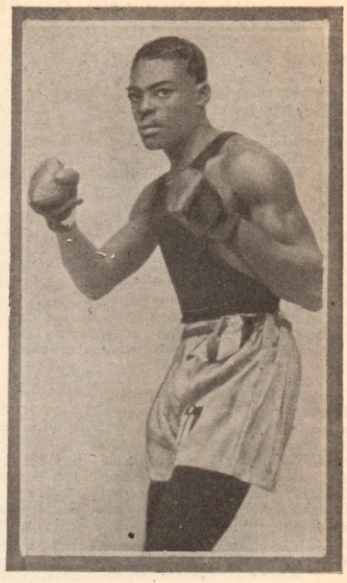
Henry Milligan, England's leading middleweight boxer



Jack McVey, colored welterweight eager to clash with all comers



Joe Mannah, West African bantamweight champion now fighting in Pennsylvania



Cirilin Olano, Cuban lightweight, Wilbur Cohen, colored flyweight star, of New York City.

NEWS FROM MINNESOTA

By MURRAY McLEAN

Angus Cameron of St. Paul and Frank McCormick of Minneapolis have sold their interests in the boxing clubs here to Captain Billy Fawcett of Robbinsdale, wealthy publisher and sportsman. The new organization will be known as the Twin Cities Athletic Association and Jack Reddy has been appointed general manager and matchmaker for the Minneapolis club while Eddie Reddy will make the matches for the St. Paul club.

It is believed here that things will pep up considerably in this section just as soon as the new club gets under way. They are looking about for a high class headline bout to start off the fireworks and have announced that there will be a show a week in the Twin Cities once they get started.

Tommy Gibbons has retired from the ring. Owing to the illness of his wife Tommy has given up all hopes of boxing for a long time and, according to those that are close to him, his retirement is permanent.

"Doc" Hoffmann of Milwaukee is anxious to show his battlers in Minnesota rings. "Doc" has some real fighters, too, Joey Clein, a featherweight; Joe Sielaff, a lightweight and Frank Kral, a light-heavyweight, being his best boys. Kral is well known to St. Paul fans due to his victories over Earl Blue, a St. Paul boy.

With the retirement of Tommy Gibbons the old guard of prominent St. Paul boxers has just about passed. Jock Malone is just about the only one left. Johnny Ertle, Mike O'Dowd, Mike Gibbons, Billy Whelan, Mike Ertle, Billy Defoe, Bobby Ward, Johnny Tillman, Saph McKenna and others have either retired or have been away from St. Paul so long that they are forgotten.

There is a new crop of boys here now, however, that will keep the name of St. Paul and Minneapolis on the map for some time to come. Jimmy Delaney, Johnny O'Donnell, Stewart McLean, Jackie Nichols, Buddy MacDonald, Rusty Jones, Nick Olivia, Al Van Ryan, Guy Mauro, Harry La Barre, Ernie Fliegel, Sammy Leonard, Frank Muskie, Billy Shauers, Clyde Hull, Donnie Dean and Dago Joe Gans are either going top speed now or are coming up fast.

The boxing game hereabouts has been quite slow during the past summer but according to all indications the coming fall and winter season will be a banner one. Clubs throughout Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana are all perking up and although most of the clubs are small ones there should be enough work for all of the boys here.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

During the encampment of the Pennsylvania National Guards at Mt. Gretna, some lively bouts were staged by the boys of the 111th and 112th regiments. Mickey Diamond, Jack Martin, Patsy Nelson and Joe Britt of Philadelphia, were some of the boys who furnished the fireworks.

Jimmy Ireland, of Philadelphia, was awarded the referee's decision over Steve Nitchie, of Lancaster, in an eight-round bout at Lebanon, August 10.

Willie Griffith, of Wilmington, Del., stopped Young Kramer, of Lancaster, in the first round of the semi-final by landing a hard right hook to the jaw.

Willie Siple, of Lancaster, and Danny Sullivan, of Philadelphia, battled to a draw in one of the best fights of the evening.

Rosey Stoy, sensational bantamweight of Lancaster, scored a knockout victory over Patsy Ross, of Akron, Ohio, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round fight at Lancaster, on August 24, when his seconds threw a towel in the ring to save their man from further punishment. Ross was floored for the count of nine in the third round when Stoy landed a terrific left to the jaw.

Battling Willard, Lancaster's best bet in the lightweight class, and Willie Patterson, of Philadelphia, fought to a draw in an eight round fuss at Atlantic City last month. Many thought Willard was entitled to the decision as he had a slight shade.

Dick Curtin, Lebanon lightweight, showed good form when he held the rugged Jimmy Bugler to a draw in a six round bout at Lebanon on August 10.

Al Clemens is another Lebanon boy who has been showing good form in his last few fights.

Carl Young has returned to his home in Lebanon after taking a few weeks' vacation and is looking for trouble with boys in the middleweight class.

IN GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Tiger Flowers has been forced to rest on account of a throat infection.

K. O. Duggan, local heavyweight, has shown great improvement since Billy Lotz has been supervising his training. Duggan accomplished a quick one round victory over Tiny Fred Roberts, famous Oglethorpe star. Recently Duggan journeyed to Montgomery, Ala., where he scored a knockout over Bill Bailey in four rounds.

Duggan is fighting himself into shape and when the youngster gets going, Mr. Lotz will try to line up his star performer against Young Stribling.

Lew Silver has taken an enforced rest. Silver has been compelled to undergo another operation. Max Abelson had the little dental student lined up for several fights in Florida and Cuba, but had to cancel. Silver's last fight was against Boots Antley whom he handed a boxing lesson in ten rounds.

Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga. "Boll Weevil," defeated Mike Lofley in St. Petersburg, Fla., in ten rounds. Antley carried off the newspaper verdict.

Jack White, a young middleweight from Columbus, Ga., scored a one round victory over Irish Benny Cline. White shows improvement in his recent fights.

Pinkie May, claimant of the Southern flyweight championship, and Pal Shoaf went 10 rounds to a draw in Savannah, Ga. Ed Alexander, who guides the fistic affairs of the youngster, seems to think that he has a coming champion in May.

Larry Avera, Atlanta's junior welterweight, is taking a rest. Larry has been out in the sticks for a short while and intends to return at an early date to get going for the winter season.

Jimmy Goldsmith, former secretary to the Atlanta Boxing Commission, has forsaken his duties in Atlanta and gone to Miami. Jimmy intends making his home in the Magic City from now on.

According to reports reaching here, Dr. V. M. Rosenthal cleaned up a neat sum on the recent Silver-Antley fight held in Tampa. The Doc, who is a graduate from the same college where Silver is a student now, could not see Antley as a winner and backed his judgment rightly so.

KANSAS NOTES

By CHARLES FOLEY

Harry Greb, middleweight king, met with much success on his recent invasion here. Harry won a 10-round decision over Billie Britton at Columbus; defeated Ralph Brooks at Wichita in ten rounds; stopped an unknown at Tulsa, Okla., in 3 rounds, and kayoed Ed Smith in Kansas City in 3 rounds.

Greb was struck by an automobile while in Kansas City training for the Smith bout. The injuries were painful but not serious.

Tut Jackson, negro boxer from Washington Court House, Ohio, defeated Bill Eastwell, giant negro in Kansas City, July 12th. Tut won every round. Tut also kayoed "Topeka" Jack Johnson in two rounds at Topeka a week later.

Cyclone Williams of Omaha, defeated Tiger Frisco in ten rounds at the Memorial Hall in Kansas City. The men are negro welters.

Ernie Smith and Billy Baker will box the feature ten rounds at the American Legion State Convention at Chunute, the latter part of the month.

Bobby Taylor, local welter, is coming along at a nice clip. In 33 bouts Bobby has never been knocked out or had a decision given against him. Bobby's latest victim was Bennie Dixon, who lasted only two rounds with him at Fort Leavenworth.

Hugh Walker, local heavyweight, has started training and intends to have a busy winter, he expects to take on some of the best heavies in the country.

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CALIFORNIA NOTES

By OTTO A. PETERS

Sandy Moore of Chicago, lost to Frank Merrick; local heavyweight, in the sixth round of a tame main event at the American Legion A. C., July 25.

Neil Clisby, of Riverside, and Vic Alexander, of Los Angeles, fought a hard draw in the 10-round main event of the American Legion Club, July 31. In the six round special event, Jimmy Black and Sally Martinez fought a whirlwind battle to a draw.

Old Kid Mexico brought his entire bag of tricks into play at the American Legion, August 7, and uncorked them all on Jack Lee, whose chief claim to ring fame is a corking good right hand and the fact that he once beat Eddie Huffman who right now is the most sensational light heavyweight in the West. Mexico was given the decision bcause Lee failed to find the "spot" with his nifty right. Otherwise Kid would have worked a short shift in his scheduled 10-round battle.

Tommy Cello, San Francisco boxer who met Tommy O'Brien on August 12 at the Olympic Auditorium, had a narrow escape from death when his automobile crashed into a heavy cement pillar at Eighth and Wilshire. The accident occurred when Tommy attempted to avoid crashing into another machine. His roadster was completely wrecked. Passersby ran to Tommy's assistance but he was able to extricate himself. His injuries which consisted of bruises will not keep him from entering the ring, he said.

The foremost greeter to meet Jack Dempsey when he steps off the train in Los Angeles will be none other than Jack Kearns, despite the harsh words Kearns said about Jack a week ago. "Why shouldn't I meet him?" Jack said. "Just because we have differences is no sign I can't be polite and welcome him to California. I'll be glad to square off with Jack some quiet place where we can discuss our trouble in a long heart to heart talk." Dempsey is due to arrive here from Salt Lake City at two o'clock Thursday afternoon.

With the return of Jack Dempsey to active training at his Manhattan Gym, Johnny Dempsey expects to take care of a full crowd of boxing fans daily. At the present time there are over sixty boxers training at the Spring Street gym in Los Angeles.

Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles flyweight and international champioin at the Olympic games last summer, who added American flyweight title to his credit by beating Frankie Genaro, has announced his engagement to Miss Laverna Starke, a classmate at Lincoln High School from which both were graduated last spring. The wedding will not take place until next year but in the meantime La Barba plans to reap the financial emoluments from his victory over Genaro.

Young Lancho of Los Angeles, was disqualified in the eighth round of his scheduled 10 round fight against Chuck Borden at the Pasadena Armory August 7th, for "stalling."

Joe Benjamin, lightweight boxer, and his sweetheart of many months, Marion Nixon, are married. The pair journeyed to Riverside last Tuesday and were made man and wife at the Mission Inn. Attempts to keep the marriage secret failed. Benjamin gave his occupation as a broker.

Johnny Adams, the former Pacific Coast lightweight champion and his manager, George Harvey, motored to Phoenix, Arizona, where Adams met Young Lancho in the main event on August 28.

Neil Clisby was awarded the decision over San Eizman, the Los Angeles policeman in a 10-round main event at the American Legion on August 13. Clisby was given a decision over Ed Warner in a main event at the American Legion A. C. August 21.

A whirlwind finish won Eddie Huffman, former all navy heavyweight champion, a decision over Bert Colima, the middleweight at Vernon. The victor showed less speed than his opponent during the first part of the fight and was defeated in all of the early rounds. In the seventh, however, Eddie floored the Whitter wildcat twice and led the battle by a safe margin, the rest of the way.

Billy Petrolle, of North Dakota, battled to a draw with Jimmy Hackley, San Francisco lightweight, in the six-round semi-windup.

Jack Roper, brother of Bob Roper, the Chicago heavyweight, won a technical knockout over Sam Eisemann in the special event after flooring Eisemann nine times in three rounds.

Young Stribling, Georgia Peach, and Mushy Callahan, the local welter, shared the honors of victory at the Vernon Coliseum on August 18, both winning ten round decisions. Stribling outfought Jimmy Delaney, light heavyweight, the entire route and had the Minnesotan in bad shape several times during the fight. Despite the easy manner that Stribbling handled the affair from the start, Delaney made the fight interesting by his fast footwork and occasional flashes of hard hitting. Callahan beat the junior welterweight champion of the world, Red Herring, but didn't capture his title as it was not at risk. Mushy displayed his usual coolness in the ring and was master of Red throughout the early rounds. Red tried hard to land a k. o. in the ninth and tenth rounds but Mushy kept his left in Red's face and saved himself.

The use of the automatic clock in the United States has been delayed for many years, and although it has been adopted by a few clubs in the East, boxing could be elevated considerably if all of the clubs used the master time piece in conducting shows. The squawk of short counts could be eliminated and the open face clock with its conspicuous minute hand would certainly satisfy the audience with its accurate counting.

This instrument is controlled by the simplest method and a pressed button changes the time to two or three minute rounds if desired. When a fighter is knocked down, the timekeeper merely presses the button and the clock tolls off the seconds.

The boxing game is flourishing in this country and Jack Munro, the promoter, seems to be giving them good shows. There is much talk of THE RING here among the newspaper men. THE RING goes well here because the Australian public are strong for boxing.

The Admiral of the American fleet at first refused to permit U. S. Navy boxers to perform ashore, but lifted the restriction after they landed. As a result it cancelled the proposed bout between Billy Grimes, the lightweight champion of Australia and Ritchie King, Navy champion. The house went wild over King, who boxed an exhibition of three rounds with Grimes.

This little fellow King will be the biggest box office attraction in the U. S. in two years. He is a picture in the ring. Blonde and handsome, with a determination like that of the famous McGovern, he is merciless in his attack and is a smart boxer to boot. He never drinks, smokes nor swears and his mind is set on being a champ. When he walks the streets of Sydney, it becomes monotonous to hear the praise of his shipmates, they worship him like a demi god.

Munro offered him 500 pounds to fight ten rounds with Grimes, and even six, but King could not see it with only four days to train against the cleverest man in the Antipodes.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By JOE WATERMAN

Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles high school boy, who has been boxing as a bantamweight, made 111 1-4 lbs. and beat Frankie Genaro in a ten round contest to decide the successor to Pancho Villa. The new flyweight champion gave Genaro quite a lacing in the last round and had the New Yorker on the verge of a knockout. Referee Harry Ertle had no hesitation in raising La Barba's glove aloft.

"Doc" Snell got off to a great start in California by knocking out Mickey O'Donnell in 3 minutes and 58 seconds in the main event at the Legion Stadium, Hollywood, on August 14.

Lou Paluso is still the hard-luck kid. He got draws in his first two contests in California, whereas every newspaper and spectator gave him nearly every round of the ten. His opponents were Frankie Barren and "Ace" Hudkins. Paluso can't cry "California decision" because he received worse deals in New York. Remember the Loayza decision?

Harry Wallach and Sammy Shack made good again, Wallach winning an easy decision over Joe Gorman and Shack shading the tough Billy Bonillas in the best fight of the night.

Bud Ridley staged a great six round battle with Jackie Sherman at the Vernon Arena. It was called a draw, but the majority of spectators thought that Ridley had a good edge.

Biddy Bishop, nationally known boxing promoter and manager, succeeded the late Dan Salt as the junior member of the firm of Austin and Salt, boxing promoters of Seattle, Wash. The first bout staged by Matchmaker Bishop was the Leo Lomski-Bert Colima contest in the Seattle baseball park.

Frank Purcell, the old-time welterweight, is in Los Angeles with a good bunch of battlers, including Bobby Harper, Young ZRuncorn of Moose Jaw, Mike Mitchel and Pete Bross.

George Godfrey, the colored heavyweight, made short work of Tiny Herman and is now being boomed by Southern California fans as a fit opponent for Dempsey and Wills.

The Wallach-Shack combination in charge of Whitey Eckart for Frank A. Churchill, scored a double win on the opening night of the new Olympic Auditorium at Los Angeles. Harry easily beat "Babe" Picato, scoring two knockdowns, while Sammy gave Young Nationalista a boxing lesson. (Goldey should send Archie Bell out to the coast and complete the stable).

A novelty in the boxing game! Here is a matchmaker who is really in it for the fun and not for the dough. A gentleman, a movie actor and the husband of the popular movie star, Zasu Pitts. Gents of the fistic racket, meet Tom Gallery, matchmaker for the Hollywood, California, American Legion Stadium.

Johnny O'Donnell, lightweight star of Mike Collins' stable in California, looked like a champion of the world in beating the terrific punching K. O. Kelly. Jimmy Delaney, the other star of the Collins troupe, made a great fight against Stribling only to "blow the duke" to the Georgia Peach. "Moisha" Callahan beat "Red" Herring on the same bill. Jack Doyle drew $21,200 with this card. Thousands were turned away, Stribling proving an unusual box-office magnet.

On August 21, Sencio Moldez, flyweight champion of the Orient, arrived in the United States.

Sencio Moldez is a Filipino, like Pancho Villa. He was born in Tacloban, Leyte, Philippine Islands, and is 21 years old. Like Pancho, he established a sensational record in the Philippine Islands, frequently taking on opponents who scaled ten pounds heavier than himself.

The most important battle of Sencio's career was staged at Manila on May 2, of this year. He met Pancho Villa in a 15-round bout for the world flyweight championship. Villa received the decision, but little Cencio made such a sensational showing in this battle that Frank Churchill immediately cabled his partner in Manila, Stewart Tait, to put Sencio under contract and send him to the United States.

Pancho Villa on his return to the United States, told Churchill that Sencio was the best prospect in the Philippines, and a great little boxer.

What a great raft of Filipino boxers there is strutting around California rings right now. Hardly a show goes by but what some brown skinned resident of the far off possessions is on the card. Of course some of them also come from Mexico, but that doesn't count much if they can fight.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Ray Schaffer, Biloxi featherweight, was the victim of a bad decision in his bout with Charlie Rodriquez at New Orleans last month. Schaffer, according to newspaper accounts won ten of the fifteen rounds. The Louisiana Boxing Commission immediately suspended the referee after rendering the decision. Schaffer made a hit with the fans and will probably meet Jack Griff or Charlie Rodriquez in a return bout.

Bub Seymour has started active training again and will be seen in action in Mobile and Biloxi sometime this month, Sammy Pizzitola being one of his opponents.

Earl Bascle, that hard-punching, fleet-footed flyweight lad from New Orleans, who, after hurling challenges at Pockie Lockie for the past three months without success, has hied out to Florida where he is certain to electrify those fans with his ever-pleasing style of milling. Bascle intends to spend at least a month in Florida and on his way back to New Orleans will have Al Fremin, Biloxi promoter, try and induce Percy Vinet, Kid Carlin, Pockie Lockie, Delos Williams to take him on. Bascle, according to the above list of fighters, is living up to his reputation, that of not picking set-ups.

Adam Gomez is hard at training once again and intends to stick to it daily. Gomez, when in shape, is capable of giving the leading bantamweights a tough night's session. Stick to it, Adam.

Tut Seymour, Biloxi welterweight, easily defeated Zach Blanchard in an eight-round bout at Biloxi last month. Seymour displayed marked improvement over his last start and in due time will make the leading welterweights hustle to hold him even.

"Big Boy" Peterson, Kiln heavyweight, tasted the sting of defeat for the first time in his career when Louis Hill knocked him out in seven rounds at New Orleans last month. Peterson was helpless before the onslaught of Hill, whom he defeated in a previous bout.

Broadway Johnny Cox, well-known fistic manager and press agent de luxe, departed for New York after having spent two months along the Gulf Coast where he was the host of many parties. Cox has the latest star on the fistic horizon in the person of knockout Leonard. Leonard, a possessor of a wonderful physique and a wicked wallop, holds knockouts over some of the leading lightweights in the business including Bobby Barrett, whom he stopped in 37 seconds. Joe Matranga, Shifty Logan, Jimmy Cox and lesser known lights.

Gus Betz and Billy Gorman are two fighters that Biloxi fans want to see in action again. Both will be remembered as having fought Big Boy Peterson, losing after having the Big Boy on the floor several times. Gordon and Tut Seymour, Betz and Peterson on the same card will pack any local fight club.

A new face will be shown to sport followers next month in the person of Bill Dudley, New Orleans middleweight, who has just returned from the Pacific Coast where he had a long string of victories. New faces is what the game needs.

Grover and Buster Malini are two promising youngsters that are sure to go far in the pugilistic field. They have been turning in creditable victories of late.

'Irish" Jackie Doyle is still defeating all the flyweights that have been pitted against him in New Jersey rings. Doyle's latest victories being over Do Do Jackson, breaking several of his ribs, and

(*Continued on page* 42)

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(*Continued from page* 41)

Lew Conway. Johnny Collins, Doyle's manager, has received more offers for the services of his charge than he can possibly handle.

Pockie Lockie, Biloxi flyweight, received the first set-back of his career when he was knocked out by Percy Vinet at New Orleans last month. Lockie attributes his defeat to a bad cold and is anxious to battle Vinet again.

Al Fremin, Biloxi's Tex Rickard, has several corking good shows for the latter part of this month and the early part of next. He has lined up bouts in which some of the future fistic stars will appear—Bobby Higgins, Ray Schaffer, Bub Seymour, Grover and Buster Malini, Earl Bascle, Mike Russo, Joe Lewis, Boots Antley and the latest middleweight sensation, Bill Dudley.

Joe Lewis, New Orleans lightweight, will probably be pitted against Grover Malini or Tut Seymour sometime this month. Lewis boxed Boots Antley in Mobile last month and showed lots of class. He has victories over Charlie Pitts, Jack Russo and numerous others. Lewis is one of the best prospects in the lightweight class today. He is handled by Red Walsh and Archie Hayes and wro are pointing him for a meeting with Basil Galiano.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOHNNY HINES

Tommy "Kid" Murphy stopped off at East Chicago on his way to California and disposed of Vern Norris of Hurley, Wis., via the technical K. O. route, in 5 heats.

Tommy West, Trenton's Berlenbach, scored two knockouts within ten days when he stopped Jay Lanahan in one round and Chief Halbran, Indian fighter in two. This marked West's seventeenth start as a pro—fifteen K. O.'s, split a newspaper decision with Maxie Rosenbloom and won on a foul from Rocky Smith.

Johnny Brennan, local flyweight champion, is anxious to show his wares in a Metropolitan ring, and should be able to break in on the strength of his decisive win over Emil Paluso.

A boxing exchange has been formed here for the purpose of securing work for out of town fistmen, who are anxious to show their skill in this city. The exchange is headed by Joseph Pinto at the Furman Bldg., 145 Second Street, Trenton.

IN AUSTRALIA

By TOM STEVENS

(With the U. S. Battle Fleet at Sydney, South Wales)

AUSTRALIA—the birthplace of the immortal Griffo, the famous Les Darcy, and scores of other mittmen of bygone days, presents a novel idea of boxing outside to residents of the United States. A visit to the mammoth stadium indicates that we may learn considerable about the boxing game from the inhabitants of the Antipodes.

Under the management of Jack Munro, International character in boxing, the Stadium is enjoying weekly crowds to the extent of eight thousand. The very ring in which Jack Johnson won the world's heavyweight title from Tommy Burns in 1908, still stands and is used for the development of new champions, should Australia be that fortunate.

The use of the automatic clock, which was invented in Sydney, is the most outstanding feature of the country almost isolated from the rest of the world. Bouts are conducted with clock work precision, and never has a man won a victory on a short count, for the timekeeper even carries a stop watch to compare the time of the automatic timer in case of error.

Munro's idea of bracing the ring on springs to break a fall has won him considerable praise, for this idea has lessoned the chances of accidents since its adoption. The seconds act like mummys for they are well aware of the penalty for raucous yelling.

However, it is believed that Australia's chances of producing a champion is almost hopeless in view of the fact that nothing but twenty round main events are staged. While little or no attention is paid to semi-windups or preliminaries, the main event is the great attraction, and the reserved seat owner usually delays his appearance until the other bouts are finished. When a boxer is accustomed to the gruelling distance of twenty rounds, he will find the going very rough when he invades the United States or other countries where ten round contests prevail.

It is beyond a question of doubt that the distance fights are a thing of the past elsewhere than the kangaroo country. Half of the time is spent holding and wrestling and every four of five rounds are occupied by real fighting. Should Australia adopt ten round bouts, the public would forget the twenty round game ever existed.

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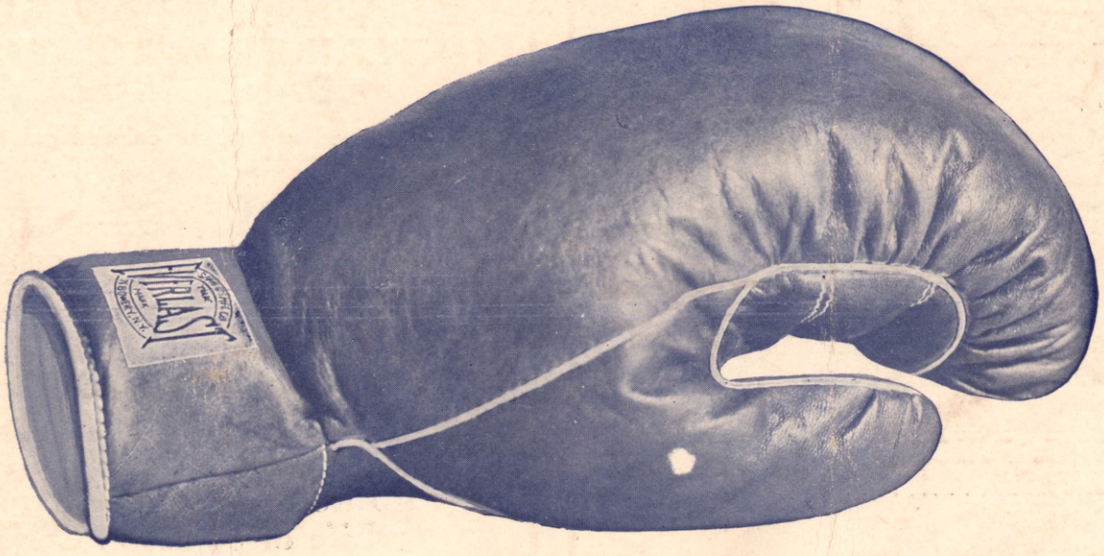

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